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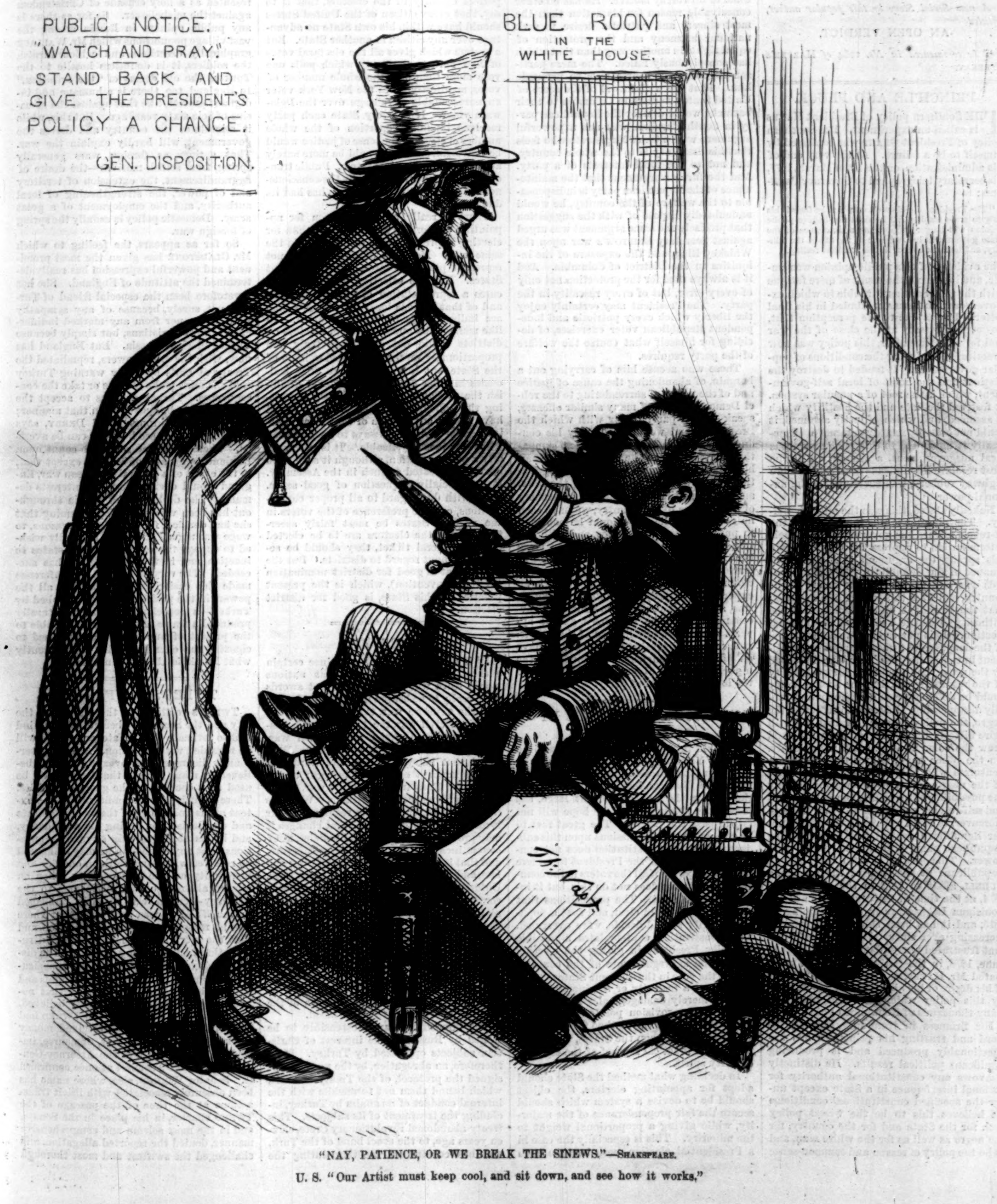
PUBLIC NOTICE.
"WATCH AND PRAY."
STAND BACK AND
GIVE THE PRESIDENT'S
POLICY A CHANCE.
GEN. DISPOSITION.
BLUE ROOM
IN THE
WHITE HOUSE.
Th: Nast

"NAY, PATIENCE, OR WE BREAK THE SINEWS."—SHAKSPEARE.

U. S. "Our Artist must keep cool, and sit down, and see how it works,"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1877.

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PRINCIPLE AND PLUCK.

THE Southern policy of President HAYES is called an experiment. The Southern policy of President GRANT was confessed by himself to be a failure. At the very end of his administration, on the 1st of March, 1877, his secretary telegraphed to Governor PACKARD:

> "The President directs me to say that he feels it his duty to state frankly that he does not believe public opinion will longer support the maintenance of the State government in Louisiana by the use of the military, and he must concur in this manifest feeling."

The evidence of this public opinion was ample, and it was not the result of mere fatigue with the long Southern trouble to which ex-Governor CHAMBERLAIN alluded in his final letter. It was due to the perception that, however necessary at the close of the war and for some time after, this policy was now practically paralyzing the conditions of popular government. It tended to destroy the instinct and the habit of local self-government, which is the root of a popular system. It fostered the hate and the hostility which it assumed, and which, if justly assumed, it could not possibly remedy or remove. Practically it amounted to this, that monstrous local misgovernment, a system which the most resolute Republicans described as mere highway robbery, was sustained by the national power.

Nakedly stated, this was the military policy. The plea for it was the hatred of the ex-rebels toward the government, and their determination to oppress the negro. From this sprang the argument that the maintenance of the Republican party at all hazards was indispensable to the safety of the country, and from this in turn the assertion that the President of the Senate had the authority to decide a disputed Presidential election. It is not to be denied that much of the deepest and firmest Republican sentiment in the country had been long disturbed by the perception that even the probability of the results by which alone such a policy could be defended was constantly and rapidly disappearing. Instead of protecting the negro, the policy inflamed against him still more bitterly the feeling of the white, and drew the color line more and more deeply. On the other hand, it protected venal adventurers who played upon the ignorance of the negro, and it postponed indefinitely the possibility of his taking the independent and self-relying position of all other citizens. Moreover, it could not retain the States under Republican control, and identified the Republican name with vindictive and venal power. This feeling showed itself among Republicans at the time of the Louisiana DURELL affair of 1872, in the elections of 1874, at the time of the organization of the Louisiana Legislature in the beginning of 1875, and it has been steadily and rapidly increasing ever since. It was this feeling that frustrated many plans at Cincinnati in June, 1876, in the Convention which nominated Mr. HAYES, and it was solely doubt of his desire or his ability to change or modify this policy which withheld from him many thousands of Republican votes.

His firmness in tranquilly keeping his word and trusting his principles has unquestionably produced and is producing significant political results. He distinctly disavows any constitutional authority for national interference in a State except under the specified constitutional conditions. He believes this to be the wisest policy both for the State and for the country, for the negro as well as for the white man, and to be the policy of reason and common-sense as well as of law. He declines to regard the whole white population of the Southern States as enemies of the government, and as inspired only by tireless hate. He knows probably quite as well as his vehement opponents the history of the STUARTS, the machinations of BOLINGBROKE, and the story of 1715 and 1745. But he sees the essential difference of the situation. The Jacobites had a cause and its embodiment. The late slave-holding class has neither. Slavery is abolished. They do not seek nor ask its restoration. Secession has no object, and can not become a policy. There is, no doubt, a deep and bitter feeling of hostility in many hearts. This is natural. But the first duty of a patriotic President is to pursue a course which, while renouncing no constitutional duty, shall cultivate the mutual confidence and regard of citizens who have been alienated.

The President is perfectly just to those who differ with him. But he has this advantage over many of them, that having distinctly renounced any intention of asking a re-election, he can be suspected of no personal or unworthy motive. He has no other conceivable reason for his action than the most sincere and patriotic desire to seek national harmony and the protection of equal rights in another way than that which has conspicuously failed. The mere partisan argument of course fails to persuade him. That the withdrawal of the score of United States soldiers in Columbia to their barracks would destroy the Republican party in South Carolina, was not a powerful argument with a Chief Magistrate who feels that his first duty is to the whole country, and not to the local interests of a party. And the further argument that the maintenance of the Republican party is indispensable to the welfare of the country, he would undoubtedly dispose of with the suggestion that precisely the same argument was urged against Secretary BRISTOW's war upon the Whiskey Ring, and the exposure of the iniquities in the District of Columbia. And it is always used for the protection not only of every error, but of every rascality in the party. The President may certainly enjoy the liberty which every patriotic and independent Republican voter exercises, of deciding for himself what course the welfare of the party requires.

Those who accuse him of carrying out a bargain, of abandoning the cause of justice and of the negro, of surrendering to the rebel Democracy, and of many similar offenses, speak from a party frenzy with which the President—and we judge him by his conduct—has shown himself to have no sympathy whatever. That he is less sincere than his opponents in his desire of securing justice to every citizen, of enforcing the laws, and of promoting the peace and harmony of all sections of the country, we have seen no reason to believe. Should he continue to pursue the general policy and with the tranquil firmness thus far developed since his inauguration, support of the Administration will be a test of the patriotism and character of the country. The policy is an experiment, indeed, as ABRAHAM LINCOLN's was, and as all practical measures of government are. Like LINCOLN's, also, it appeals to the best intelligence of the people. It is certainly inspiring to feel that we have an Administration which is moved by the highest impulses of patriotism, instead of the lowest instincts of party.

CHOICE OF ELECTORS BY DISTRICTS.

THE bill introduced by Mr. HEPBURN into the New York Legislature providing for the appointment of Presidential electors by Congressional districts, leaving upon a general ticket only the two electors at large, has passed the Assembly, and we hope will not fail to pass the Senate. The great fact to be remembered in discussions upon this subject is that the Constitution does not confide the election of the President to a mere popular majority of all the voters in the country. It not only does not do this, but it intends not to do it. The propositions that the Congress should elect, and that a popular majority should decide, were overruled. The Constitution contemplates a possible minority President in giving the election not to the aggregate vote of the country, but to the vote in the different States. The talk about a majority or a minority President is merely demagogical. There could be no wiser provision pointed out in the Constitution than the method for electing a President based upon the States, which is a permanent practical reproof of the excesses of party spirit.

In deciding what method the State should adopt for appointing electors, the object should be to devise a system which should secure the fair preponderance of the majority, while giving a proportional weight to the minority. This is especially the case in a Presidential election, both because each State is but one factor in the general result, and because, as the electoral system is an exception to the usual majority rule, it is desirable that the defeated party should feel that it had had a fair representation. Another not less important consideration should be, security against fraud. The first step to this result is to make fraud more difficult. A local fraud may now determine the national election, but in the district system it would affect but a single vote. The district system also promotes the purpose of the Constitution in basing the election upon the States considered as equals by preventing a great State from crushing half a dozen smaller States by its solid body of electors, and thus stimulating every force of corruption to carry that State. An objection sometimes made to the system is that it would deprive this or that "great State" of its just influence in the election, and reduce it to the level of smaller States. That is not an objection. It is a powerful argument. The most careful and certainly the most just intention of the framers of the Constitution was that the States should stand upon a perfect equality in the election, that is to say, that every citizen of the United States should have within his own State no advantage over any citizen in another State. But a system which gives all the electoral votes of New York to the party which polls one vote more than half the whole number of votes, manifestly gives the New York voter an unreasonable advantage over the Delaware voter. If in every State each party received its fair proportion of the whole number of electors, the sense of justice would be universal, and that would be more surely attained by the district system. Public tranquillity is always promoted by the consciousness of every voter that his vote has had its due weight.

There is really no more reason for appointing electors by general ticket than for electing Representatives in Congress in the same way. Members of Congress do not represent parts of States. They represent States. But the selection by districts secures a representation of various opinions and of that various local knowledge which are indispensable to wise legislation. In like manner the appointment of electors by districts would not only more truly and proportionally represent the real opinion of the State, but it would tend to allay jealousies in other States, and it would diminish the probability, by enormously increasing the difficulty, of fraud, while it would have all the advantages of that local political action which is always to be preferred whenever it is practicable. It is not properly a party question, although it seemed to have been treated as such in the Assembly. It is especially a question of good sense. How, with due regard to all proper considerations, can the preference of the voters in the various States be most fairly ascertained? If the electors are to be elected upon a general ticket, they should be selected without regard to districts. But the reason that is good for district nomination (in the Convention), which is the present practice in this State, is good for district election.

THE WAR.

IT is scarcely twenty years since certain enthusiasts were very sure that nations would learn war no more, and that swords were really to be beaten into pruning-hooks. But the Crimean war, the Italian war, the American civil war, the Prussian and Austrian war, the German and French war, swiftly succeeding each other, have dissipated that halcyon dream, and Europe is at this moment once more brought to the verge of a Russian and Turkish war, which at this writing seems inevitable. What its limits may be, or what its results, how far it may draw in other states, what changes it may produce in frontiers and policies, is, of course, incalculable. One thing only is sure, and that is infinite sorrow and suffering and loss, and the sowing of seeds of future wars. Unfortunately, in looking at the probable conflict and endeavoring to understand its real significance, we are confronted with the disagreeable truth that nothing which is asserted, even by the highest authorities, can be strictly believed. No declaration of war ever failed to state that war was the only method of maintaining honor, or rights, or civilization, or peace. Nor is it to be denied that the great forward steps of the race have been often taken in blood.

The impending war is ostensibly to be waged by Russia in the interest of Christian subjects oppressed by Turkey. It is, therefore, an abrogation, by the powers that signed the protocol, of the Treaty of Paris, which bound them not to meddle with the internal conduct of its affairs by Turkey, including the treatment of its subjects. This treaty abandoned revolutionary Crete, eleven years ago, to the cruel hand of the Turk, and has constrained inaction during the brave struggles of Montenegro and Herzegovina. But the Treaty of Paris was not based upon any regard for Turkey, nor upon indifference to Turkish tyranny over Christians. It showed simply an unwillingness to touch a difficult subject. But the difficulty was not religious. It was political. Turkey might be a nuisance in Europe, but Europe could not agree how to abate it; so it was left with a mutual stipulation that nobody should touch it. The difficulty was to know who should administer upon the estate, who should be the heir of "the sick man." The two powers most interested were Russia and England. Russia because Constantinople barred her way to the Mediterranean, and England because Russia was already approaching India from Turkestan, and an outlet into the Mediterranean would make her the mistress of that sea.

The religious question and the question of reform are again put forward. But that the war is to be one for the rights of human nature can not be wholly credited by a faithful student of history and geography. The expulsion of the Turk from Europe is represented as a holy crusade of Christendom against the misbeliever. So far as there is any public opinion in Russia among the vast village populations which Mr. WALLACE graphically describes, and which furnish the soldiers, it is doubtless hostile to the Turk as the old enemy of "the orthodox." In England, too, there is a humane and indignant protest, like that against the assassins of Scio sixty years ago. But this, while it stimulates the country and drives the government, will hardly explain the war. That springs, as foreign wars generally spring, from selfish motives—the desire of aggrandizement, the extension of territory and of power, the strengthening of local authority, and the employment of a great army. Domestic policy is usually the spring of foreign war.

So far as appears, the feeling to which Mr. GLADSTONE has given the most prominent and powerful expression has really determined the attitude of England. She has heretofore been the especial friend of Turkey, not, surely, because of any sympathy with Islam, nor from any marked indifference toward Christians, but simply because Turkey blocked Russia. But England has now, with the other powers, repudiated the Treaty of Paris by tartly warning Turkey that she must make reforms or take the consequences. Turkey declines to accept the protocol, or to be spoken to in that manner; and England, through Lord DERBY, says that she does not see how war can be averted. There is now no reason to count upon England as an ally of Turkey, except that, in the event of a general European war, England would decide what her interests demand. The diplomacy of Russia throughout has been very skillful. Assuming that she had decided, for satisfactory reasons, to wage war upon Turkey, she naturally wished to engage the other European states to inaction, and in this purpose she has succeeded. The very failure of the Conference made this easier, for that had left all the powers in the position of being snubbed by Turkey—a consciousness which naturally produced a frame of mind very favorable to the project of any state that proposed to chastise the offender. This is apparently what Russia is about to undertake.

TWEED'S CONFESSION.

TWEED's relations to the politics of the city and the State have been of such a kind and so intimate that whatever he says will be regarded with suspicion. Although personally disgraced and overthrown, it is believed by many persons that he will still be used as a counter in the game of politics. There is such general confidence in the extent of his knowledge of the secrets of State and city legislation during his ascendency, and in his ability to ruin so many reputations, that any confession he may make will be received with equal faith on one side and incredulity on the other. Thus, when an alleged abstract of his disclosures to the Attorney-General was recently published in the *World*, it was said both that there was no reason to suppose it to be true, and that the story as told merely repeated rumors that had been long current. The distinct statements involving some conspicuous persons were met at once by denials and explanations. We are very sure that nobody who knows Judge FOLGER believed, upon an alleged report of what TWEED had said, that the judge ever received money corruptly. His denial was, of course, immediate and entire, and the Attorney-General and TWEED's counsel at once confirmed it. Senator WOODIN, also, whose name has been obscurely associated with illicit transactions at the time of the passage of the TWEED charter, in his place in the Senate, and in the most solemn and comprehensive manner, denied the reported allegation, and challenged the swiftest and most thorough investigation, which the Senate immediately ordered: and until the committee, upon due evidence, make a report implicating him, Mr. Woodin's word will certainly outweigh that of Tweed. The statement about ex-Mayor Hall will probably not surprise any body. Nobody ever doubted that he was quite as clever as any member of the Ring, and that he was hoodwinked, or did not understand what was going on, or acted in a "ministerial capacity" only, is not easily credible. His punishment, however, has already overtaken him, if he was, as Tweed is said to have declared, a conscious accomplice.

As to the probable truth of any confession by Tweed, there is this to be said: that in the universal desertion of him by his old "pals" of both parties, he is quite as likely to be well disposed toward his former political opponents as his political friends. He can have, for instance, no such regard for Mr. John Kelly's Tammany as to wish to invent accusations for its benefit. When, therefore, he makes a statement which depends upon his word alone, and it is denied by a man whose word has never been questioned, the statement can not stand. But when he makes an assertion which is not conclusively denied, or which is evaded, or which is rendered probable by the reputation of the person involved, the weight of the assertion can not be removed by the counter-suggestion that he has probably a personal motive. Before that explanation can be admitted, the kind of motive must be more than surmised. The simple probability in Tweed's case is that he is tired out and broken down, that he sees the end of all his schemes, first of plunder, then of escape by David Dudley Field's legal quibbles, and that he wishes to be released from jail at any price of surrender of fortune or of evidence against accomplices. Doubtless, while he has robbed the public, he has been himself cheated. He may easily suppose that money which he intrusted to agents for bribery has been used for that purpose, when in fact it was pocketed by the agents. This is always true in such cases. "State's evidence" is always in a certain degree suspicious; but there is no reason that Tweed's should not be as probable as any of the kind.

It will be a great public service if it should lead to the exposure of any knaves who are now preying upon the community under cover of a good reputation, and not less so if it should lead to the clear and ample vindication of some who are now vaguely aspersed. Indeed, Tweed's whole career will not be without great service to society. It shows that the most plausible and carefully organized villainy, which has apparently protected itself by securing the legislative, judicial, and executive powers of the State, must yet fall before the blows of a resolute and skillful public spirit. There was a time within ten years when there was a proposition to erect a statue to Tweed in the city that he was remorselessly plundering. Within the same time he levied tribute upon conspicuous people in the form of wedding gifts for his daughter, which those who wished his favor gladly gave. And the same kind of men, who now sneer at every project of the purification of politics as impracticable sentimentality, then said, contemptuously, that Tweed had the power, and what could we do about it?

SENATOR HILL ON SENATORIAL DUTY.

One of the most admirable documents that we have recently seen is the letter of Senator B. H. Hill, of Georgia, upon the appointing power. We wish it might be carefully read and pondered by every voter in the country, and that every Senator and Representative had the same clear perception of his duty, and would declare it to all comers in the same trenchant tone. Senator Hill says that when President Hayes was inaugurated, and announced his patriotic purpose of a non-partisan administration and a better civil service, he considered the duty of a Southern Democratic Senator to such a President, and came to the conclusion that there could be no reform unless Congressional control of Executive appointments were broken up. Further reflection has shown him the justice of this conclusion. He says, very justly, that the present practice is absolutely unconstitutional, as well as in itself debasing and dangerous. And after stating truly and forcibly the proper position of a Senator toward appointments as wholly advisory, Mr. Hill says, what is absolutely undeniable:

> "In my opinion a Senator has no more right to select one of a number of applicants for office, and use the influence of his position to give that applicant success, than a judge on the bench has the right to select one litigant in his court, and use all the powers of his judicial position to secure success for that litigant."

Senator Hill says, what is now very seldom heard, but what recalls the best spirit of the best public men in our history, that, while no man is fonder of his friends than he, yet if he were to use a public office to gratify private friendship or to avenge private wrong, he should feel himself to be guilty of a gross breach of trust.

> "If I were called to designate the crime of all crimes in this generation, I would say it is personalism in government—by which I mean the use of the offices of government to promote personal interests and ambitions. Three-fourths of the evils that now curse the country, and nearly all the perils that have threatened the government, have sprung from this great crime."

If this is Southern Democracy, it is wonderfully like the best Northern Republicanism. Senator Hill remorselessly proceeds:

> "Thousands of offices have been made solely to provide places for friends of members of Congress. Millions of money are levied in taxes upon the people annually to feed these supple servants of some of our great men. The President often finds himself denounced or his nominations opposed solely because they do not suit the purposes of these ring chiefs in Congress....How can we ever expect to elevate the statesmanship of the country, reform abuses, and nationalize our politics, if even the high position of Senator is to be degraded to an agency for office-seekers and general political jobbery?"

The Senator adds that every applicant whom he knows may refer to him, and if the President asks him for information touching the applicant's fitness, he will cheerfully give it to him. Every man shall have an equal chance upon his merits, and, for himself, he shall rely upon the people at large, who desire only good government.

> "If we would elevate our politics, we must improve the ways of our politicians. If we would relieve the burdens of the people, we must sustain honesty in government. We must have no office that is not needed and no officer that is not competent."

Mr. Hill may well say that we are entering upon a new era, when a Senator of the United States talks in this strain. They are the sentiments of a Southern Democratic Senator and of a Northern Republican President. It is in the light of this coincidence that the political future may be most wisely studied.

THE RIVALRY OF CITIES.

The report of the Municipal Commission has turned public attention to the details of city government, and especially of the city of New York. Among the most valuable contributions to the general discussion is the little pamphlet containing the twelve brief letters recently addressed to the New York *Times* by Mr. George H. Andrews, who is a recognized authority upon the question of taxation. His pamphlet is very interesting, and its statements and arguments are so simple and clear that they can be universally enjoyed. The commercial position of the city of New York is unsurpassed. Other cities have some advantages over her, but the proximity of New York to the sea and her noble water-ways into the interior give her an incontestable superiority. Yet an ignorant or foolish local policy may deprive her of the value of this advantage. For many years the city had virtually no competitor for the Western trade. But other cities have been alert and active, while New York has been complacently inert. During her apathy she has ceased to be the centre of the great jobbing trade in dry-goods, and the grain export is leaving her. The products of the West are the great prize for which our cities contend, and the port which can receive, deliver, and handle exports most rapidly and cheaply will obtain them. Upon this point all local questions of improvement and all inventions have a direct bearing, and in this light rapid transit and the greater facilities of accommodation and concentration furnished by the house and store elevator must be considered.

The difficulties that perplex every question and plan of timely progress in the city arise from debt and taxation. Mr. Andrews, however, finds that the actual increase in the current expenses of the city in proportion to the value of property is not very great, as compared with twenty years ago. In 1857 the rate of taxation for current expenses was $1 13 upon $100, and in 1876 it was $1 30. Of course he does not doubt that the debt under which the city staggers is enormous, and that it is the product of rascality. But the city's part of the State tax is also enormous. This is fortunately subsiding by the extinction of the Bounty debt, and the current expenses must be retrenched. Mr. Andrews would have a Board of Apportionment composed of the Mayor and the President of the Board of Aldermen, with three other members to be selected respectively by the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, and the Bar Association, from among citizens who for two years have owned real estate in the city of the assessed value of $25,000. Meanwhile the tax-payer must not forget that he gets very much more for his money than he did forty years ago. Many of these things, indeed, are luxuries, but they have become necessary, and the question is how they can be enjoyed without a cost disproportioned to the cost of similar service elsewhere.

Who, then, are the tax-payers? Who pay the $30,000,000 of annual taxes in the city? Mr. Andrews answers promptly, the owners of personal property. They pay in the form of rent, and even personal property not specifically taxed pays in the same way. Real estate is the tangible standard of measure by which the tax is adjusted. It is the value of personal property, also, which fixes and controls the value of the real estate upon which it is placed. Hamilton County is forty times as large in area as New York, and its soil is as good. But New York is assessed at $900,000,000, and Hamilton County at $660,000. It is the amount of personal property upon the real estate of New York which increases its value. The policy of owners of real estate, therefore, is to bring in personal property. Once there, it will certainly be taxed, whether specifically or not. In 1876, the city, with twenty-two per cent. of the population, taxed fifty-seven per cent. of all the personal property specifically assessed in the State.

At present the personal property which is so indispensable is repelled. Men and money are turned away by the specific taxation of personal property. The tax laws of New York were passed fifty years ago, and are full of incongruities and inequalities, of which the pamphlet furnishes amusing illustrations. Some kind of change should certainly be made. The Massachusetts plan of taxing personal property in every conceivable form would be better than the present plan, which is only absurd and annoying. On the other hand, there is the Pennsylvania plan, which virtually excludes personal property from direct taxation. The main feature of this plan is the taxation of corporations directly by the State for the revenue of the State, and the relief of the land from taxation for State purposes. Money and personal property representing money should not be specifically taxed in the city. We give but a general hint of the scope of Mr. Andrews's pamphlet, which is well worth the attention of every tax-payer and every citizen who has an interest in the real progress and prosperity of the city.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George W. Childs, whose liberality and hospitality are known of all men, is to be felicitated upon being, with perhaps a single exception, the proprietor of the most widely circulated daily paper in America. Notwithstanding the prevalent business depression, the circulation and advertising of the Philadelphia *Ledger* were larger during the first quarter of the present year than in any corresponding period of its history. Ninety thousand copies daily would satisfy the ambition of most publishers, though Mr. C. doubtless looks forward to the near future when the number will be pleasantly rounded off by the additional XM.

—Another characteristic "personal" of the late Dr. Muhlenberg: A few nights before his death, the sick man, listening to the storm outside, said, "It is such bad, rough weather that I guess I'll not venture out to go over the river Jordan to-night." The saintly old man retained his sense of humor to the last.

—There is a character in one of Lowell's poems who, after having lost a leg and arm, "cal'lates" that war is not the pleasantest of occupations, and therefore favors diplomacy, and for style recommends

> "Sutthin combinin' morril truth with phrases such
> ez strikes."

That is what Mr. Evarts did the other day when, negotiating with ex-Senator Frelinghuysen for the lease of the latter's house, he was told that two of the foreign ministers also wanted the house. "Mr. Frelinghuysen," said Mr. Evarts, jokingly, "I suppose you understand that it will only be necessary, in order to prevent any interference, for me to notify these foreign ministers that if they touch that house they will receive their passports."

—Baron Gustave de Rothschild is decorating his house in Paris with great splendor. One *salon*, of light carved wood heightened with gold, will illustrate episodes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." This work is by M. Henri Levy, and, according to *L'Art*, is being done with rare taste.

—General Ignatieff is a wag as well as a diplomate, and speaks sarcastically of the correspondents of English newspapers who pretended that they had interviewed him. With the single exception of the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, he turned away those who had managed to waylay him, or turned them over to his courier. In one English newspaper, six words spoken on the stairs of his hotel were converted into a telegram of about a column, in which the general was made to give a *résumé* of his own views and those of many other statesmen upon the Eastern question. "If there is one thing more than another for which I have a prejudice, it is strict veracity," observed the general.

—From an interesting sketch of the leading debaters in the House of Lords, the following about the bishops will interest our clerical readers of the P. E. Church: "The episcopal bench is, on the whole, very ably filled. As an orator and debater, the Bishop of Peterborough need fear no rival among the temporal peers. He never speaks without making a number of distinct points, or without bringing entertainment as well as conviction. The Primate is lucid, impressive, dignified, eloquent—epithets each of which may be applied to the Archbishop of York, whose mien and utterance remind one more and more of the 'magnificent man,' as portrayed in the fourth book of Aristotle's Ethics. In the case of Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of Lincoln, there is much of rhetorical power and earnestness to admire, immense learning, and at the same time an incredible amount of political unwisdom. Dr. Wordsworth, perhaps, never yet made a speech in the House of Lords which had not the twofold effect of commanding the respect of his audience for its sincerity and erudition, and of alienating their feelings from the cause which it was his purpose to espouse. The Bishop of Manchester is not a good Parliamentary speaker, being too didactic and hortatory. The bishops of London and Winchester are, after Dr. Magee and the two archbishops, quite the best; but the Bishop of Peterborough is, in his own line, without a rival among their lordships."

—Among some of the unusual Christian names used in England a hundred years ago are the following: Anderfectitia Chetwynd, Henriquieta Murkwick, Thresyculas Clarke, Bathenie Walker, Rabege Godfrey, Jerrico Segrave, Zutphania Wood, Miah Murphy, Nymphe-Prudente Tooke, Rosa Mira Annabette Thomas.

—In Mr. Disraeli's novel *The Young Duke*, published forty-six years ago, he makes one of his characters say: "A man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite. I intend in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House, 'Don Juan' may, perhaps, be my model; in the Upper House, 'Paradise Lost.'" Lord Beaconsfield's career in the Lords has, from the day he donned the robes of an earl, been one of the most complete successes ever witnessed in that body.

—Could a more interesting "personal" be found than the following from Mr. Norvell's money article in the *Commercial Advertiser*, of the 16th of April? "The quarterly dividend of two per cent. on New York Central stock was drawn yesterday by the Messrs. Vanderbilt to the amount of about *a million of dollars*, showing that they own more than half the entire capital of $90,000,000. The financial history of the world shows no such quarterly dividend as this, drawn by one family."

—Quite contrary to the foregoing is the following financial "personal" of a prominent literary man and artist, published in a London paper received by last steamer: "Mr. Ruskin's case is another illustration of the truth of the saying that men of genius ought not to be intrusted with money. His father left him £120,000, besides some valuable pictures and property at Herne Hill, Denmark Hill, and Greenwich. He sold the pictures, bought Brankwood, spent £15,000 on harness and stabling, helped his poor relations to the amount of £32,000, and has since spent about £84,000, to use his own expression, 'variously.' He estimates that he is now worth about £50,000; but he intends disposing of all his property with the exception of £12,000, upon the interest of which he means either to live or die. With such expensive tastes and costly fancies as those indulged in by the gifted author of the *Stones of Venice*, £400 or £500 a year will be but a starvation allowance."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Louisiana Commission completed its work April 19, and on the 20th President Hayes directed that the United States troops be withdrawn from the State-house in New Orleans, April 24, at noon. Governor Nicholls now has a Legislature with a Returning Board quorum in both branches.

The steam-ship *Leo*, from Savannah for Nassau, on April 12, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 13th, during a heavy southeast gale, eighty miles south of Tybee and thirty miles off shore. Three passengers and eighteen of the crew are feared to have been lost.

The official count of the recent New Hampshire election shows that all the constitutional amendments but two were carried—the first, to strike out the word "Protestant" from the Bill of Rights, and the twelfth, prohibiting removal from office for political causes. The seventh, abolishing the religious test as a qualification for office, was adopted by 13 votes over the required two-thirds.

On the morning of April 18, Private Secretary Manning, under instructions from Governor Hampton, sealed the doors of all the State offices, until the Supreme Court decides between the contestants.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The latest dispatches from the East give no hope that war can be averted. The Russian Chancellery at Constantinople was closed April 18. Hobart Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish navy, has gone to the Danube, and Abdul Kerim Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, has arrived at Rustchuk. The Vienna correspondent of the London *Standard* telegraphs that Prince Charles has received a copy of a Russian manifesto which contains the following declaration:

"*Whereas*, Every endeavor by the Emperor of Russia to preserve peace has failed, owing to the stubbornness of the Porte, while the condition of the Christians in the East is unimproved, their lives and property being menaced, therefore his Majesty, in the name of humanity and in the full consciousness of his sovereign duties as the natural protector of the Sclavonian nations in the East, has been compelled to resolve on obtaining by force of arms such guarantees for his distressed fellow-believers on Turkish soil as appear absolutely necessary for securing their future welfare."

The document proceeds to state that this armed intervention is not meant for the purpose of conquest, and will end after securing the above-mentioned results.

A dispatch from Constantinople confirming the above in effect, adds that the manifesto also declares that Russia intends to occupy Bulgaria, and hold the province as a material guarantee for the execution of the reforms; that she will invite other European powers to take part in the occupation; and finally, that she disclaims any intention to acquire territory permanently.

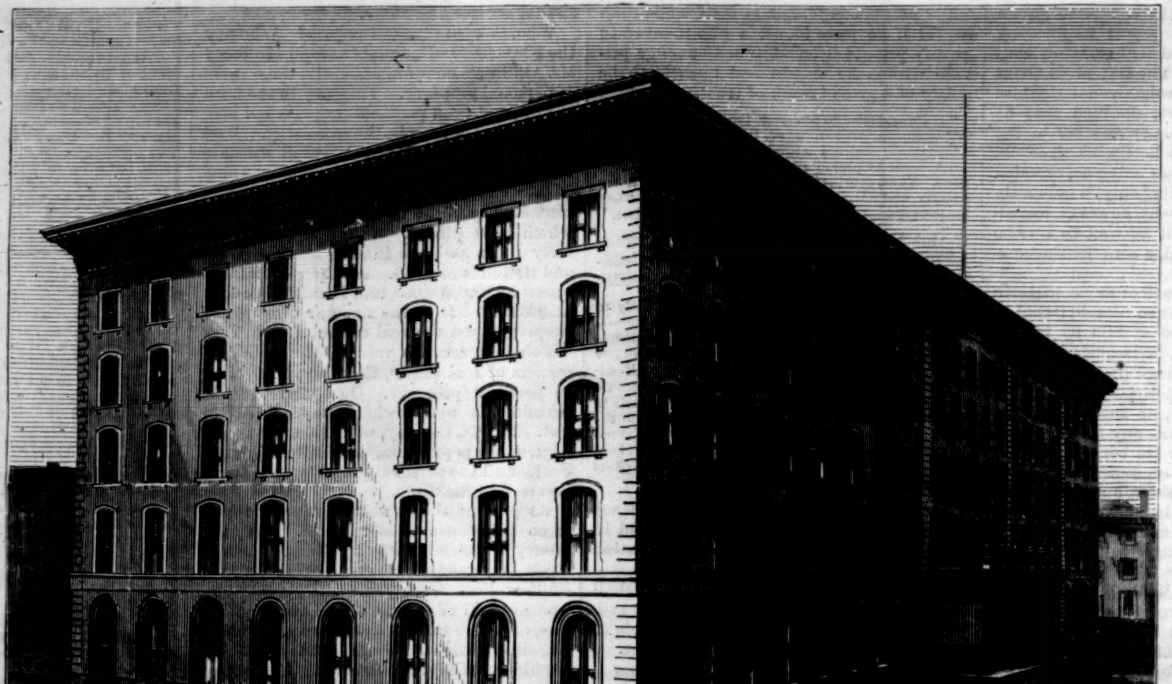
In the British House of Lords, April 19, Lord Derby said he did not think Austria or France would require England to fulfill the Treaty of Paris. The opinions of those best informed regarding the diplomatic situation did not give any sanguine hopes of averting war. England did not wish to intervene, but reserved to herself the right to protect English interests if they should be threatened.

An explosion and inundation occurred in the Troedyrhiw Colliery, at Pontypridd, Wales, April 11. Four miners are supposed to have lost their lives.

President M'Mahon has instructed M. Martel, Minister of Justice and Public Worship, to express to the Bishop of Nevers his entire disapproval of the latter's letter asking intervention for the Pope, and to state that the President sees with pain the clergy meddling with internal and even foreign politics.

A dispatch from Japan, April 17, announces the defeat of the insurgents and their flight in the direction of Hionza. The insurrection is regarded as nearly ended.

THE ST. LOUIS FIRE.



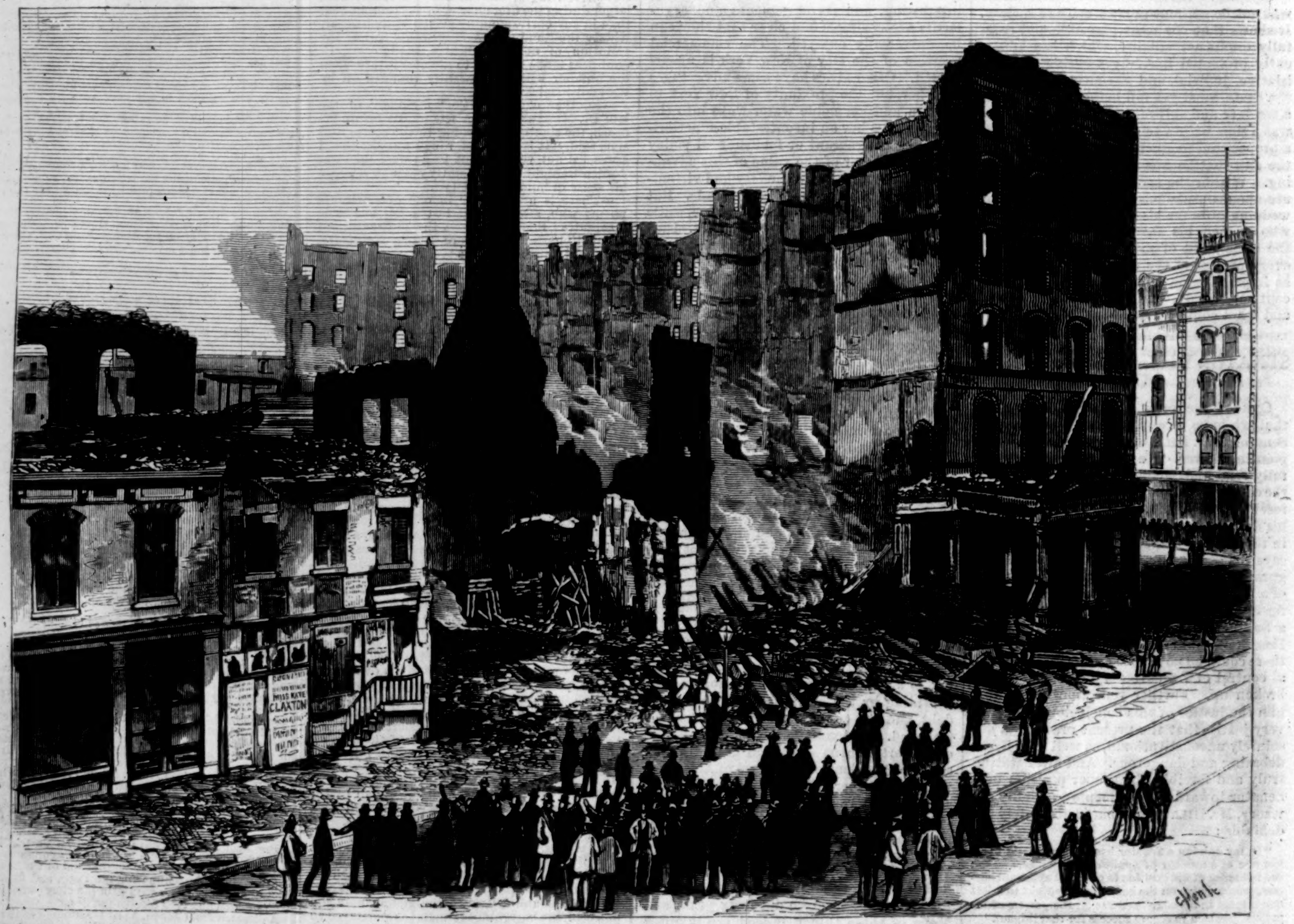
THE SOUTHERN HOTEL BEFORE THE FIRE.

The burning of the Southern Hotel, at St. Louis, on the night of April 10, was a great calamity and a great warning. The loss of life was insignificant in comparison with that of the Brooklyn fire; but seldom has such a catastrophe been attended by incidents more painful and horrible.

The St. Louis fire appears to have begun in the store-room of the hotel. This room was in the cellar, directly under the office, and in it was stored a miscellaneous collection of supplies. A few minutes after one o'clock at night, the automatic fire annunciator in the office, which worked by atmospheric influence, gave the alarm to the clerk on duty, who at once sent a message to one of the proprietors of the hotel. By the time this gentleman reached the office the flames had made fatal headway. They had spread from the store-room to the opening of the elevator, through which they mounted, as through a huge chimney, to the very roof of the hotel. All the floors, from cellar to attic, took fire almost simultaneously, cutting off the means of escape, and rendering futile all efforts to save the building.

The dense and suffocating smoke that immediately filled the halls, together with the strong draught made by the flames, extinguished the lights, and left the upper part of the building in utter darkness. The occupants of the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors had been awakened at the first alarm by some brave persons who, at the risk of their own lives, every moment being precious, had run through the halls, kicking in the doors and rousing the sleepers. But some, paralyzed by sudden fear, were unable to collect their senses before the means of escape were cut off by the flames. Some did not comprehend the imminence of the danger until too late to make their way down by the stairs. Dreadful scenes followed the discovery that all the ways of escape were cut off—scenes never to be forgotten by those who witnessed them from the street. From the windows of the three upper stories came frantic cries for succor from men and women. The flames were making fearful headway. Several persons had the presence of mind to tie bed-clothing together, forming lines by which they let themselves down from floor to floor, and thus escaped. Others, crazed by terror, threw themselves from the windows, and were dashed to pieces on the pavement; while others, losing their hold on the improvised lines, fell and met the same fate. There were some remarkable escapes, not only of men of strength and nerve, but of delicate women and children; but no amount of nerve or presence of mind could have availed those who were in the upper stories, shut in by flame and smoke, and probably unacquainted with the halls and stairways. Many travellers, on arriving at a hotel late at night, go directly to their room, generally by way of the elevator, and retire to sleep without a thought of how to escape in case of a sudden alarm of fire. If awakened in the night by such an alarm, they would not know which way to turn for safety. In some of our large hotels the halls are carefully watched all night by employés familiar with every part of the building, whose duty it would be in such an emergency to direct the occupants of the sleeping-rooms to the stairways and other means of escape.

This sad calamity shows conclusively what has long been held by those who have given their attention to the subject, that every large public building where hundreds of people may be collected at night should be provided with external and easily accessible means of escape. The most practicable plan seems to be that suggested by a New York paper—an iron balcony to every story, connected by iron ladders at short intervals, by which the occupants of the building could make their way to the ground without panic and without endangering each other by crowding. These balconies should be connected with the interior of the building by passages at short intervals, and every passage should be provided with a careful and trustworthy watchman to unlock the outer doors at the first alarm of fire.



RUINS OF THE HOTEL AFTER THE FIRE.

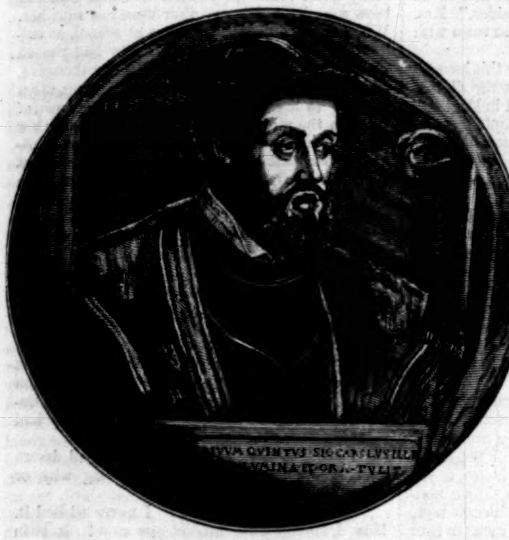
BURNING OF THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, ST. LOUIS.—[From Photographs by R. Benecke.]

ITALIAN MAJOLICA.

The Castellani collection of antiquities and Italian majolica continues to attract the admiration of visitors at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In our former article on this collection we illustrated many of the interesting objects of ancient art, and a few of the modern works in pottery. In this number we give illustrations of six majolica dishes in the collection, each of which is a study.

The first is a specimen of *mezza-majolica*. Before the Italians had learned from the Saracens the art of enameling pottery, and for a long time afterward, they made wares beautiful by covering the rough pottery with a coating of lime or white clay, on which they painted designs. These were glazed and baked, producing a ware known as *mezza-majolica*. Sometimes they gave to this ware a lustred decoration, inferior to that afterward used at Gubbio, and generally known as the Mother-of-Pearl lustre from its iridescence. The city of Pesaro claims the making of this lustred ware, but its pretensions are disputed. The decorations were mostly in Saracen styles, as on the plate which we illustrate, and which is a large dish, fifteen inches in diameter. The colors on this specimen are brilliant yellow, green, and blue on white. Dishes like this, with ladies' portraits, were painted to order for their admirers as presentation pieces, and are called *amatorii*.

The next specimen is a superb dish of the ware of Urbino, painted by **Orazio Fontana**, with a portrait of **Charles V.** wearing a blue cap and velvet corselet and amaranthine mantle. On his breast is the golden fleece. Inscription: PROGENIES-DIVVM-QVINTVS-SIC-CAROLVS-ILLE-IMPERII-CAESAR-LVMINA-ET-ORA-TVLIT. AET-SVAE-XXXI. ANN-M-D-XXXI. It is one of the finest works produced by the Urbino school. **Orazio Fontana** was one of the most celebrated decorators of the Italian wares, and this noble specimen of his work is of the highest value. It ranks in the highest order among known specimens.


VVM QVINTVS SIC CAROLVS ILLE
VMINA ET ORA TVLIT

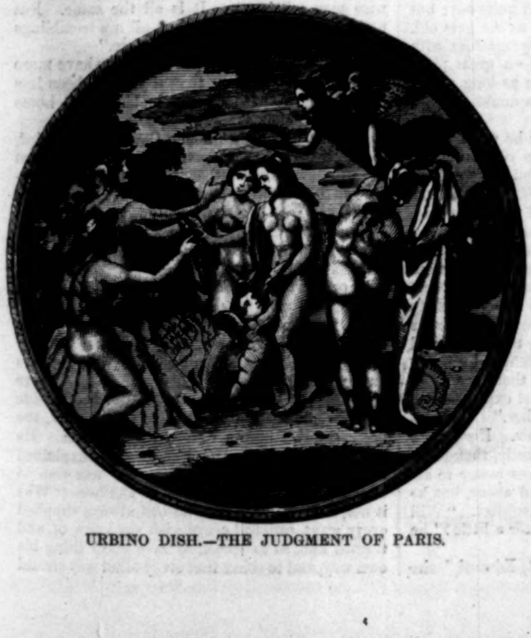
. PORTRAIT OF CHARLES V.—URBINO-WARE.
[Painted by Orazio Fontana.]

We have selected the music plate for the next illustration, by way of showing the variety of decoration used by the artists. This exquisite dish, of the Castel-Durante fabric, has a rich blue ground, on which the arabesques and griffins are painted in a *chiaroscuro* of creamy white. The shield of arms is golden yellow at the edges. The music-book is white, with the notes in blue. Castel-Durante was one of the four famous sites of majolica-making in the duchy of Urbino.

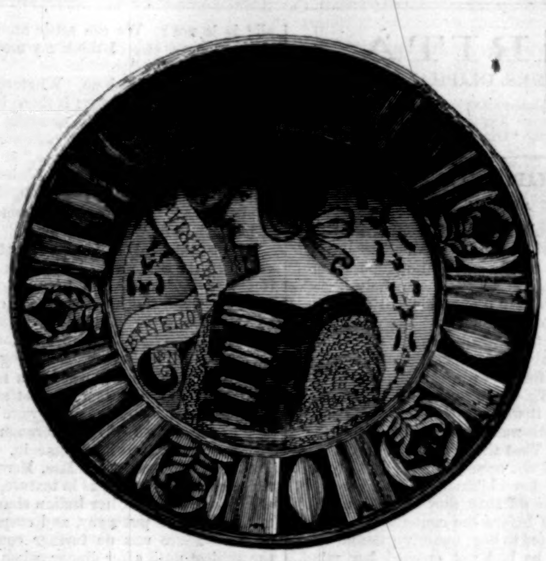
But this dish, beautiful as it is, by no means equals in our eyes the next, from the same factory, which has a profuse decoration in *chiaroscuro* of greenish tone, with touches of *bianco fisso*, giving it the appearance of a bass-relief. Comic masks, heads of horses, armor, trophies, musical instruments, maps of the world, armillary spheres, books of music, shields and greaves of warriors, cover the surface. In the centre the letters A. C., and below them a scroll inscribed, S. P. Q. R. One of the shields bears the letter A. The book of music in the upper part of the dish bears the word BENE. The tone and finish of this remarkable work make it a magnificent decoration, decidedly more artistic and satisfactory than even the best figure pieces of **Xanto** and the **Fontanas**.

The dish which represents The Judgment of Paris, we hesitate to agree with Signor **Castellani** in assigning to the **Patanazzi** family, potters and painters of Urbino in the period of the decadence. It is in better taste and execution as a work of art than many of the pieces of the best school and period. The **Patanazzis** flourished at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. One of them painted majolica at the age of thirteen.

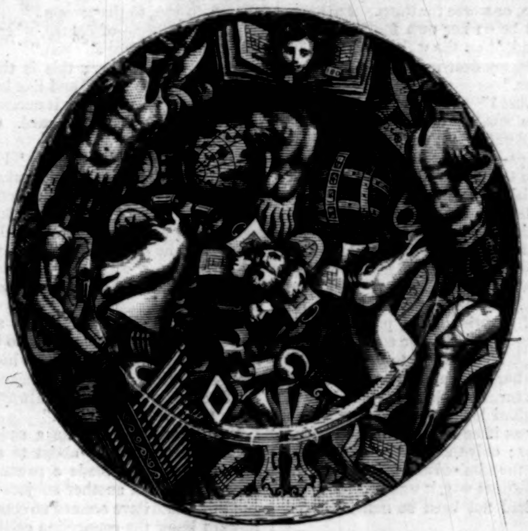
But one of the gems of the collection, and one of the most beautiful specimens of majolica in the world, is the dish assigned to Gubbio because of the lustre and signature, but certainly the work of one of the ablest artists of Urbino, Deruta, or Castel-Durante, representing Hercules holding Antæus in his arms. The painting is in some respects the finest in the collection, and the lustre is but touched here and there most judiciously, as if **Giorgio** feared to mar the beauty of the artist's work by his brilliant additions. Is it possible that Maestro **Giorgio da Ugubio**, who spreads his signature over the bottom of this superb dish, with the date 1520, actually painted as well as lustred it? He was the possessor of the lustre art, and he alone. From Gubbio came first or last all the superbly lustred pieces which gleam with such rainbow splendor in the collection. But we know that the other factories sent their finished wares to him to receive the final decoration of his brilliant art, and we are strongly inclined to believe that he sometimes ordered dishes like this from the great artists, and sold them from his workshop, with his own name on them, not by any means intending to claim the credit of the painting, but only, as was right, to say to all Italy, This is the style of finished work you can have from the Gubbio *bottega*. The visitor who will sit down to the study of this dish will enjoy an hour in admiring its execution. The ruby lustre is nowhere visible except on the lion-skin of Hercules, and elsewhere there are only a few touches of silver. But how can one give an hour to one specimen among hundreds which excite his astonishment and delight, whichever way his eyes turn in the museum gallery!



URBINO DISH.—THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.



MEZZA-MAJOLICA DISH.—[Pesaro?]



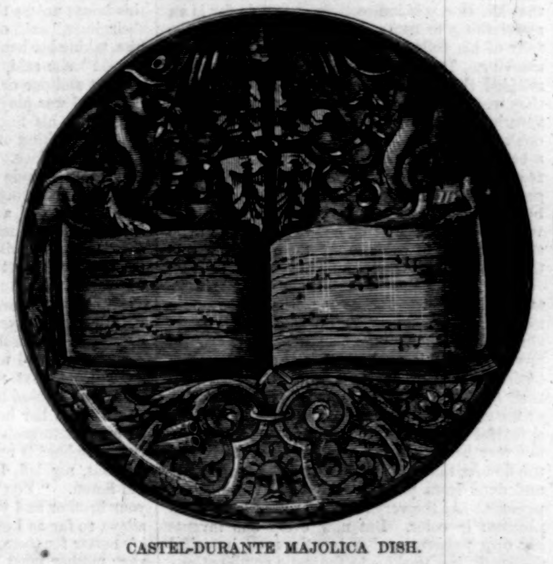
MAJOLICA DISH OF CASTEL-DURANTE.
[Chiaroscuro Decoration.]

POPULAR ART.

I.—DECORATIVE.

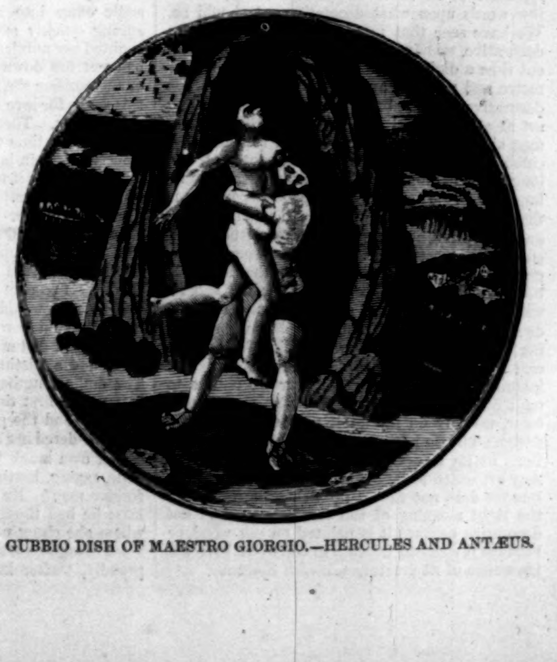
During the last few years there have come into common usage many phrases unfamiliar to our fathers, and even in some cases doubtfully comprehended by the mass of those who use them so glibly, and we hear the most frivolous school-girl discussing psychic force, and the most practical business man dilating upon decorative art. The absurdity is patent enough, when once fairly examined, but it does not lie in the fact of either person caring to know any thing about such subjects, but because with the majority it is sufficient to use the phrase, without seeking to understand its meaning. A rage for nomenclature is one of the most notable characteristics of the present day, and the man who can invent a good high-sounding Greek name for his hair-wash or his oil-cloth may consider his fortune made. Not long since, strolling down Piccadilly, I saw in a chemist's window that his "Egyptian Looffas were indispensable for a gentleman's bath-room;" and on the other side of the street I was invited to take my chop off "the patent hydraulic silver grill." It is quite needless to multiply examples—a glance at the first sheet of the *Times* will produce a dozen such. The step from employing words that are not understood to applying phrases that are not understood, is a very easy one, and it is of one such application that I am desirous to speak. One of the most common phrases continually repeated is that of "decorative art," and perhaps it is the one which is the least understood of all. We have occasionally asked for a definition of its meaning, but have never received a satisfactory answer. The subject seems to fall naturally into three divisions. First, what decorative art has always been hitherto; second, what is meant by the words now; and third, what should be meant by them, were they rightly used.

First, then, without lingering long over the historical part of the question, there is no doubt that, in the first instance, all art was decorative. The art of the savage, the only outcome of which was in painting his face and his tomahawk, was pure decorative art, and for many centuries art remained dedicated to similar purposes, even though making in the mean time enormous strides in skill and beauty. The Egyptian carvings on rock-hewn temples or gigantic statues are as pure decorative art as that of the North American Indians; there is in them no sign of beauty being sought for its own sake, but only as a supplement to architecture and religion. A temple wall was bare—they covered it with the deeds of the god to whom the place was dedicated; a statue of the deity was required, and it was carved and erected there—and so on throughout the various departments. How long this lasted it is difficult to say; there seems to be considerable doubt whether the whole art of Greece was not originally intended only for decorative purposes. That its noblest works were, is undoubtedly the case. From the days of the greatest supremacy of Rome downward, art gradually lost more and more of its decorative character, and gained a vantage-ground of its own. No longer subsidiary to the service of architecture or religion, it grew day by day of more importance, till we find it culminating in the days of Venetian glory in Titian and Tintoret. But as art advanced thus from infancy to manhood, a change took place in it similar to that which takes place in a human being, and it became gradually self-conscious, and with this self-consciousness came its fall. Gradually painters and architects and workers in metal began to lose confidence in their individual efforts, and found it easier to imitate the perfection of those who had preceded them. We have dwelt thus long on this branch of our subject to try and show our readers, what is indeed the case, that there is no authority for the term "decorative art" in olden days, as then all art was decorative. For instance, the most magnificent picture that Tintoret ever painted was painted to measure, to fill the end of the great council-chamber in the Doge's Palace at Venice, and the picture is of an awkwardly irregular shape, to allow space for the two doorways at the end of the hall. So also you have Veronese painting the ceilings of the Pitti Palace, and Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" and Raphael's "Madonna," both painted for the Sistine Chapel at Rome, the first remaining there to this day. And this is "decorative art," as it used to be. What does "decorative art" mean now?



CASTEL-DURANTE MAJOLICA DISH.

Well, it is difficult to say exactly what it does mean, but we can imagine one of its ordinary practitioners, if compelled to give a perfectly truthful, straightforward answer, would say something like this: "Really good art is much too great a thing to be wasted in ornamenting a sideboard or a carpet; for such art you must pay a great price, say, two or three thousand guineas, and then you must put it in a large, elaborate, gilt frame, and hang it up opposite the looking-glass. Besides, good art needs time and labor, and perhaps even more than these, to produce it, and we can't give you that—it would not pay; but we will sell you another sort of art, a good thing of its kind, better fitted for every-day use, and this is what we will call 'decorative art.'" And if the persevering inquirer were to ask, further, what was the special *differentia* of this decorative art, he would probably be told "that it was founded upon a notion that man could improve nature very much, and that proceeding upon this plan, he took, say, some reeds and a bird and a red sun, and he arranged them in the following manner: First, he put the reeds side by side, vertically upright, and left some space between each; balanced upon the extreme point of the centre reed he placed a red sun, half the size of his picture; and in the exact middle of this, with wings extended horizontally, he placed his bird. But it may be said, all decorative art is not like this, and does not



GUBBIO DISH OF MAESTRO GIORGIO.—HERCULES AND ANTÆUS.

delight in perverting the natural shapes and appearances of objects. Well, it is true that there are some exceptions, but by far the larger part of what is called "decorative art" at the present day does rely for its attractiveness on this perversion of nature.

Take a walk down either Oxford Street or Bond Street, and you will see in the window of almost every shop devoted to furniture, panels depicting something like the above design, generally on a gold ground. The cause of it was very simple: a few years ago a man of genuine artistic taste, much cultivated by study, set up a house in Bloomsbury, and inaugurated, in company with some others, this style of decoration. It has been taken by thousands of others without his taste or his knowledge, and the results are, as a matter of course, horrible. When the ordinary furnishing upholsterer worked only in plain wood, or at all events plain wood and a little gilding, there was some limit to his error, but now that he employs workmen to paint artistic designs on gilt panels, imagining that he can order good art as he can good polish, he has a gigantic scope for ugliness and folly. In the same way that this "decorative art" attacked furniture, it attacked dress, but the results it produced there were less violently manifested. Mr. Morris having set the example of painting walls and backgrounds generally of neutral greens and browns, soon the more artistic of the women began to follow in the same track. The amount of sickly green and dirty red dresses that Mr. Morris is indirectly responsible for is an awful thing to contemplate, but it is more the folly of his followers that is to blame than his teaching. The only reason for which he recommended these neutral shades of color was that they were to serve as a background. One of his favorite sayings, if we mistake not, is that "you don't want to make a picture of your walls, but a background for pictures;" and as a natural effect, when a beautiful woman put on a trailing gown of a neutral green hue, she looked all the better for her background, but as the majority of women are not beautiful, but require some little attractiveness of color to set them off, as a rule the dresses were not becoming.

Then from painting and dress the mania attacked needle-work. We must have decorative needle-work, "conventional needle-work," as its admirers called it, with a delightful sense of mystery. We had it, we have it, it is going on still; probably most of our readers can look up from their *Spectator* and see it opposite them on chair or fire-screen. This conventional needle-work is a fearful thing. Formerly, if the designs were not very beautiful, they were at least fairly like the flowers that they were intended to represent, and done from patterns designed by competent persons. At the very least, they were bright and pleasant in color. But now every one invents her own patterns, and twists the most beautiful flowers in the world into fantastic combinations of spike and ball.

People without the slightest acquaintance with the most elementary forms of design sit down calmly to *conventionalize* nature "at their own wild will," and the results are awful. This is decorative art as at present understood and practiced; the catch-word that is in every one's mouth means practically that any art is good enough, if it is not required for gilt framing and Academy exhibition. How long will this fallacy last? When will people discover and take to heart the first truth about art—that *any* art is *no* art, that you can not have an art which shall be good for one thing and not good for another? For instance, because you do not want a bird as *elaborately* painted on the panel of a wardrobe as in a picture, that it is not necessary it should be *rightly* painted as far as it goes. The truth is that all art is decorative art, the difference being only in the degree. For instance, the art that is required to cover a water bottle or a wardrobe should have for its chief character simplicity of form and color; and so, in infinite gradation, real decoration progresses till it culminates in the grand fresco at the end of a Venetian palace or a Roman chapel, and you have Tintoret or Michael Angelo for your furnishing upholsterer. When will people learn that they can no more design without an apprenticeship to it than they could practice any other difficult profession without learning?

The present state of art in our nation is alike pitiable and ludicrous. Every one talks of it, and no one seems to know, or care to know, the first elements of its life. To conclude, then, with a few words upon what decorative art should be. We have seen that in former times all art was decorative, we have seen partially that at the present time a division has been made between decorative and pictorial art, and that in consequence decorative art has become hardly worth calling art at all; that it is mainly practiced by workmen and amateurs, and that, as a rule, the educated artist passes it by with grave contempt. So long as this state of things continues, there is no hope for it. The essence of good decoration is that it must spring from thorough artistic feeling and perception, and be grounded upon true knowledge of natural forms. And the second indispensable mark of decorative art is that it should be true; as far as it goes, no matter how short a way that may be. The greatest test of all good decorative work is that it should be easy, springing with but little effort from a mind fully stored and a hand accustomed to severer labor. For instance, if in designing a flower we choose to omit all accident of light and shade and local color, we may do it, and it may still be a good design; but we have no right to alter the proportions of its leaves or the number of its petals. Any art which stops deliberately short of nature, but yet does not falsify it, is thus decorative in the right meaning of the term; but art is not decorative because it is painted on gilt wood, or because it suggests nothing in the world save the ignorance of its creator.—*London Spectator.*

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD," "INNOCENT," "SQUIRE ARDEN," "THE PERPETUAL CURATE," "OMBRA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

THE full particulars of Mr. Meredith's death and Mr. Meredith's will came by the next mail; and this information acted as a kind of funeral ceremony and conclusion to the melancholy period. All his affairs were in order; his will unassailable, his provisions just enough. There was more money than any one expected, and it was divided into three unequal shares, the largest for his eldest son, the second for Edward, the least of all for their mother. This arrangement took them all by surprise, and it was with some little difficulty that Mrs. Meredith was brought to see how it affected herself. That there would be any difference to her had not occurred to her. She had thought only of her children. "They certainly will not be worse off than they have been," she said five minutes before the contents of the will were communicated to her; but any question as to how she would be had not entered her mind. Even after she had heard it, she did not realize it. "I am afraid you will scarcely be able to keep up this house unless the boys stay still with you all their lives," said old Mr. Seton. She looked at him, taking her handkerchief from her eyes. "My house?" she said, faltering. Mr. Beresford was present and one or two other old friends.

Oswald was playing with a paper-knife, balancing it on his finger, and paying no attention. He was thinking of something else with a vague smile on his face. He was as rich almost as he had hoped—made an "eldest son" of, in so at least that his portion was the biggest; and he was thinking of a house of his own, taking no thought for his mother and a wife of his own soon to be beguiled out of poke-bonnets and convent cloaks, yet all the more piquant from the comparison. Naturally this was more interesting to him than his mother, and the house that he had been used to for years. But Edward, who, whatever he was himself doing, managed somehow to see what Oswald was about, and who thought he knew what that preoccupation and absorption meant, interposed heartily. "Of course my mother will keep her house. It is quite unnecessary to enter into such questions. The economy of the household is unchanged," he said, hastily.

"But, my lad, I don't agree with you," said old Seton. "You may both take to chambers, your brother and you. Most young men do nowadays, so far as I can see. I will not say whether it's better for them, or worse for them. Anyhow, your mother must be on her own footing. You must not be dependent on the whimsies of a boy. I would advise you, my dear madam, to look out for a smaller house."

"A smaller house?" she repeated again, in dismay. "Why a smaller house?" Then her eyes fell upon Oswald. "Yes, I understand. Oswald will perhaps—marry. It is quite true—but I have lived in this house so long—I am used to it. I do not wish to change it."

"You will not be able to afford it—on your income, madam," said old Seton, watching her keenly. He was fond of studying mankind, and to see how a fellow-creature encountered a change of fortune was keenly interesting to the old man.

She looked at him, opening her eyes wider with a curious gaze of surprise; then paused a moment, looking round her as if for some explanation. "Ah," she said, "I begin to understand." Nobody spoke to her; the other two old friends who were present turned aside and talked to each other. Mr. Beresford looked over a photograph book as earnestly as if he hoped to find a fortune between the pages; only the old Spy watched the new-made widow, the admired and beloved woman to whom, in this distinct way, it was becoming apparent that she had not been so much beloved after all.

And her face was worth a little study—there came over it a momentary gloom. She had been thinking with so much tender kindness of *him;* but he, it was evident, had been less tender in his thoughts of her. But then he had died, and she lived. No doubt, if it had been she who had died, his mind too would have been softened and his heart grown tender. The cloud lightened, a soft smile came into her eyes, and then two tears sprang quickly over the smile, because he had slighted her publicly in these last settlements; he had put her down willingly and consciously out of the position she had held as his wife. She felt this sting, for love and honor were the things she prized most. Then her courageous spirit roused up, and this time the smile descended softly, seriously, to touch her mouth.

"What does it matter?" she said, with her habitual sweetness. "My husband knew I had a little of my own. If I am not able to keep up this house, I will get another house, Mr. Seton, that I can keep up."

"Madam," said Mr. Seton, "that is the way to take it. I respect you for what you say; many a woman now would have raged at us that can not help it, would have abused the maker of the will, and made a disturbance."

"Made a disturbance?" said Mrs. Meredith. The smile lengthened into a momentary laugh. It was the first time she had allowed herself to stray beyond the gloomy pale of memory which she considered her husband's due. But the sound of her own laugh frightened her. She shrank a little, saying, hastily, "Oh, Edward, my dear boy, forgive me!" He was not her favorite son, or at least he had thought so; but he was the one to whom she clung now.

"I thought you knew my mother," said Edward, proudly, "after knowing her so long. That is all; is it not? We can settle among ourselves about houses, etc. I think my mother has had enough of it now."

"No," she said, "oh no. Whatever ought to be done, I am quite able for; if there is any stipulation as to what I must do, or about the boys—if the boys should marry; but, to be sure, they are of age, they are their own masters," she added, with once more a faint smile. "Whether their mother is considered wise enough—oh, Edward; no, I am in earnest. Perhaps there is some task for me, something to do."

This was the only little resentment she showed; and even the sharp-witted old Seton scarcely took it for resentment. The friends took luncheon with the family at an early hour, and departed, carrying away the unnecessary papers, and leaving every thing as it had been; the blinds were all drawn up, the sunshine coming in as usual. Oswald, with his hat brushed to a nicety and his cigars in his pocket, went out just as usual. The usual subdued domestic sounds were in the house, and in the course of the afternoon four or five visitors were allowed to come in. Every thing was as it had been, only Mrs. Meredith's pretty ribbons, all soft in tint as in texture, her dove-colored gown, her lace, her Indian shawls and ornaments, were all put away, and crape reigned supreme. There was no further conversation on the subject until after dinner, when Edward and his mother were alone. Oswald was dining with one of his friends; it was hard to hold him to the etiquette of "bereavement." "Besides," Mrs. Meredith said, "no one thinks of these rules with a young man."

"It will be strange to have to leave this house," she said, when the servants had left the dining-room. "It was the first house I had in England, when I brought you home. Some people thought the country would have been best; but I liked the protection of a town, and to see my friends, and to be near a good doctor; for you were delicate, Edward, when you were a child."

"Why, I, mother? I don't look much like it now."

"No, Heaven be praised; but you were delicate—two little white-faced things you were, with India written in your little pale cheeks. That was the first thing that brought me home. You could not have staid in India; and then the question was, Edward, to leave your father, or to leave you; and, oh! you seemed to have so much more need of me."

"Do not go over the question again, mother. You did not do it, I am sure, without thought. Let us think of the future now. You are to stay in the house you like, and which is all the house I have ever known; as for a smaller house, or for what you are able to afford, that is simple nonsense. It appears I have a separate income now, not merely an allowance. You don't mean to turn me out, do you, to the streets?"

"My dear boy—of course, wherever I have a roof, there is a place for you."

"Very well, mother; this is the place. You don't want me to go off and live in chambers?"

"Not unless—you think it necessary; unless—you would like it better, Edward. Oh, I hope not, my dear!"

"So do I," he said, smiling. "I hope you don't mean to turn me out for the sake of something you can afford. We must live together, mother, you and I. I can't be idle; you know I must do something; and all the pleasure I shall ever get out of life," he added, with the solemnity of youthful conviction, "will be to find my home always the same—and my mother. I look for no other happiness."

"My dear," she said, "that is all very well at present, till you see some one who is dearer to you than either your mother or your home. That will come some time; but in the mean time, dear—"

"The mean time will be always, mother; the other time will never come."

Mrs. Meredith gave him a sudden look, then checked herself when about to say something, sighed a little, and made a pause; and then she began to talk on another subject between which and this would have seemed no connection, though Edward knew the connection easily enough.

"We shall have it all to ourselves apparently," she said, with a faint smile. "Oswald, I suppose, will be thinking of a house for himself; and why should he wait? There is no reason why he should. To be sure, they are young. Has he said any thing to you, Edward?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Well, they must have their reasons, I presume. One does not like to be left quite out; but it is the thing one ought to expect as one gets old. Old people are supposed not to sympathize with youth. It is a mistake, Edward—a great pity; but I suppose it will be the same as long as the world lasts. I did the same, no doubt, when I was young too."

He made no reply. So sure as he was that he never would have such secrets to communicate, how could he say any thing? And she went on.

"I am not finding fault with Oswald. He has always been a good boy—both of you," she said, smiling upon him. "You have never given me any great anxiety; and every thing has turned out well hitherto. They will have plenty of money; but so long as Oswald does not say any thing, how can I speak to her father, as I should like to do? Men do not notice such things, and it seems uncandid with so good a friend; but till Oswald speaks— I hope he will be an attentive husband, Edward. He will be kind; but there are many little attentions that a fanciful girl expects—and feels the want of when they fail her."

Edward said nothing to all this. How could he? He winced, but bore it stoutly, though he could not make any reply. It was better to accustom himself to have it talked about, but he could not himself enter upon the subject. "Will you mind if I leave this evening, for a little?" he said.

"No, dear, certainly not; but, Edward," she said, coming round to him as she rose from the table, and laying her hand on his arm, "are you sure it is good for you, my dear boy? Are you not making it harder for yourself?"

"Let me alone, mother, so long as you can," he said, hoarsely. "No; it does not make it harder, and it can't last long now."

"No; there is no reason why they should wait. I wish—I wish he may not be a careless husband, Edward. Why should he spend all his evenings away? There is something in it I can not understand."

"He has always been the happy one, mother. Whatever he has wished for has come to him. He does not know what it is to be unfortunate; nothing has cost him any trouble—not even this."

"Still, he should not be away every evening," said the mother, shaking her head; and she drew him down to her and kissed his cheeks tenderly. "*My* boy! we must comfort each other," she said, with soft tears in her eyes. Her heart bled for him in the troubles she divined, and she was one of the women who never lose their interest in the trials of youthful love. Yet, sympathetic as she was, she smiled too as she went up stairs. He thought this would last forever, that he would never change his mind, nor suffer a new affection to start into his heart. She smiled a little, and shook her head all by herself. How short-lived were their nevers and forevers! She went up to the drawing-room, where she had spent so many quiet evenings, pleased to think that her boys were happy, though they were not with her. When she had thought of them at school, at college, in all the different places they had passed through, trying to follow them in her thoughts, anxiously wondering what they were doing, often pausing to breathe out a brief, silent prayer for them in the midst of her knitting, or closing her book for a moment. This had become so habitual to her that she would do it almost without thinking. "O, bless my boys! keep them from evil!"—between how many sentences of how many books, in the pauses of how many conversations, woven through and through how many pieces of wool, had those simple supplications gone!

By-and-by she heard the door close of the next house, the bell ring in her own, the familiar step on the stair, and the neighbor came in and took his usual place. They sat on each side of the fire-place, in which still glimmered a little fire, though the season was warm. It irked her that she could not continue with him the conversation she had been having with Edward; but till Oswald spoke, what could she say? and they had plenty to talk about.

"I wonder," he said, "if it was a bad dream when I was sent away, not knowing why, or where to go?"

"Where were you going? I never wished it. How I should have missed you now! It is in trouble that we want our friends most. Edward has been so good and kind. He says he will never leave me; that we must live together. And he thinks he will always think so, poor boy! I have not the heart to tell him that he will soon change."

"Why should he change? He may search far enough before he will find such another home. If I were he, I would not change either. He is more to be trusted than Oswald."

"Oh, you are mistaken. My boy is—"

"I am not saying ill of him. If I ever wish to do that, I will not annoy his mother with it. But Oswald thinks more of himself. Where is he to-night? He has left you alone, to bear all your loneliness, to think over every thing."

"You know I never taught my children that they were to keep by me. I might have liked it, but I did not think it right. They are very, very good; but no one can upbraid me with keeping them at my apron strings."

"That is one thing I object to in women," said Mr. Beresford. "The most sensible are so sensitive about those wretched little things that people say. What does it matter what people say who know nothing? Do you think a club is so much better than your apron strings, as you call them? Why should you care for such vulgar reproach?"

"I don't know why; we are made so, I suppose; and if women are sensitive, you must know the best of men will talk about our apron strings, when all we are thinking of is what is best for the children—trembling, perhaps, and wondering what is best—giving all our hearts to it. Some careless fool will spoil all we are planning with his old joke about our apron strings, or some wise man will do it. It is all the same. But never mind; I have locked up all my tremblings in my own mind, and left them free."

"And you have not repented? You have more confidence in them now than if you had been less brave. But I wish Oswald had staid at home with you to-night."

"Oh, you must not blame Oswald," she cried, doubly anxious not to have her son blamed, and not to allow Cara's father to conceive any prejudice against him. "It is in the evening he sees his friends; he is always ready when I want him—during the day. It would not be good for the boy to let him shut himself up. Indeed, it is my own doing," said Mrs. Meredith, smiling upon him, with one of those serene and confident lies which the sternest moralist can not condemn.

Mr. Beresford shook his head a little; but he could not undeceive the mother about her son, any more than she could confess how well she was aware of all Oswald's selfishness. They were selfishnesses, to be sure; or at least the outside world would naturally call them so. To her, the boy's conduct bore a different appearance. He thought of himself—this was how she explained it. And how natural that was for any one so watched over and cared for as he had been! Was it not, indeed, her fault, who had always supplied every want, satisfied every wish she knew of, and trained him, so to speak, to have every thing his own way, and to think that every other way should yield to his? It was *her* fault; and as he grew older, and his mind enlarged, he would grow out of it. This, though with an uneasy twinge now and then, Mrs. Meredith believed; and though as clear-sighted as any one to her boy's faults, thought less hardly, and perhaps more truly, of them than strangers did. But there was a little pause after this, and a sense in her mind that she had not convinced this critic, who considered himself more clear-sighted than Oswald's mother, and internally half pitied, half smiled at her blindness. If critics in general only knew! for who is so sharp-sighted to all these imperfections as the parent who thus endeavors to convince them of the excellence of a child?

"Edward gives up India, then?" said Mr. Beresford. "I do not wonder; but it is a fine career, and with his connections and antecedents—"

Mrs. Meredith gave a little shiver. "Do you think he should still go?" she asked, anxiously. "Indeed, I have not persuaded him. I have held my tongue. And he never liked the idea. He did it for duty only. But he does not mean to sink into idleness; he will work here."

"At what will he work? The bar? Every young man I ever meet is going to the bar. There will soon be nobody left to make the necessary mischief, and provide work for them. But if a man wants a fine career, India is the place. You are going to stay in this house, notwithstanding your old adviser?"

"It does not matter to me," she said. "I can be as happy in one house as another. It is Edward who wishes it."

"And then if he sees some one he likes, and marries, and leaves you in the lurch? Boys who are independent so young are sure to marry young."

She shook her head. "Ah! how I wish it might be so! I would forgive him for leaving me—if only my boy was happy."

Mr. Beresford got up and walked about the room. It was nothing extraordinary, but only a way he had, and did not suggest to his friend any *accès* of excitement.

"You think marriage, then, so much the happiest condition?" he said.

Mrs. Meredith made a pause before she replied. "Is that the question? How can I answer at my age, and in—the circumstances you know? We have not to settle abstract happiness. Feelings of that kind die out, and I am not the person to speak. I think a woman, at one time of life, loves her children more than ever she loved *man*."

"Some women—"

"But it is not marrying in the abstract. My boy would be happy if he could get—what he wants. But he never will get that," she added, with a sigh.

"What is so tragic about Edward's love affairs?" he asked, half laughing. "Is it ever so serious at two-and-twenty?"

"Ah, you laugh! but you would not have laughed, at his age, if you had seen some one you were fond of secured by—another; who was not half so true a lover perhaps; or, at least, you thought so."

"No," he said, growing grave. "That was different, certainly." And the mind of the man travelled suddenly off, like a flash of lightning, back to the flowery land of youth that lay so far behind. The mind of the woman took no such journey. Her love had ended, not in the anguish of a death parting, but in estrangement and coldness and indifference. She remained where she was, thinking only, with a sigh, how willingly she would give a bit of her life, if she could—a bit of her very heart—to get happiness for her boy; yet believing that to make one happy would be to ruin the other, and standing helpless between the two. This was the only complication in her mind. But in this the complications were many. Why did she say this, and send him back to the days of young romance and passion, just when his mind was full of the calmer affections and expedients of middle age, and the question whether to secure such a tender companion as herself, whom he loved in a way, and whose absence impoverished life beyond bearing? He should endeavor to return into the traditions of the other love, which was past for him as for her. Was it her friendly, gentle hand, so unconscious of what he was meditating, that put him thus back at a touch into the old enchanted world, and showed him so plainly the angel at the gates of that faded, unfading paradise—an angel, not with any flaming sword, but with the stronger bar of soft, uplifted hands? Impossible! So it was; and yet what else could be?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Statistics respecting the production of Bessemer steel in the United States in 1876 have recently been made known. It appears that eleven establishments were engaged in its manufacture in that year, and that the number of tons of pig-iron and Spiegel-eisen converted by the Bessemer process was 539,474 tons, the number of net tons of Bessemer steel ingots produced being 525,996. Bessemer steel rails to the amount of 412,461 tons were made. The price of these rails ranged at mill from $65 in January to $50 in December. The increase in production for the past several years has been very great.

Among the best known contributions of Alexander Humboldt to science were his observations and experiments on the electrical eel of South America. These were carried on before the discovery of the voltaic pile; and although Faraday and others subsequently made some interesting experiments upon the fish, considerable yet remained to be learned. A short time since Dr. Carl Sachs, an eminent physiologist and histologist, was sent by the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences to the very place where Humboldt carried on his researches, to continue the work of his great predecessor. The doctor went equipped with a full supply of electro-physiological apparatus, and all the means requisite for conducting an extensive series of observations. He arrived safely at his destination, but found that the *gymnotus* had entirely disappeared from the neighborhood of Rastro, where Humboldt had prosecuted his investigations, and he was therefore obliged to go to a distance of several miles from the city of Calabozo, where he found the river "fairly alive" with the fish, which is known there under the name of *temblador*, in reference to its shock-communicating power. He had, therefore, commenced his observations under quite favorable circumstances, and important results are promised.

The United States Entomological Commission, recently appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, consists of Professor C. V. Riley, of St. Louis, chairman; Professor A. S. Packard, Jun., of Salem, Massachusetts, secretary; and Professor Cyrus Thomas, of Carbondale, Illinois, treasurer. These gentlemen will at once enter the field, and will issue a circular requesting information from local observers in regard to the locusts, to embody in a report, and also a bulletin giving the habits of this destructive insect, and stating methods for its prevention and destruction, intended for immediate use in the region afflicted with this pest.

Mr. Fulke, in a recent communication to the Scientific Club of Vienna, has published some interesting statistics respecting German emigration to the United States. It was estimated that since 1820 nearly ten millions of persons have left their father-land for this country. Mr. Fulke laments not only the extent of the movement, but the facility with which the emigrants have laid aside their customs and associations, as well as their native tongue, and assimilated themselves with the population of their adopted country. He draws a parallel between the Germans in the United States and those in the Austrian Empire, and especially calls attention to the differences in their relations to the other peoples of these countries, although their numerical ratios were about the same in each.

Mr. Stanley has been heard from up to August 7 and 13, when he wrote from Ujiji. He had at that time completed a survey of Lake Tanganyika, and apparently settled the questions of outlet and level, and had also made important discoveries at the north end of the lake. Mr. Stanley announced his intention of next crossing the country to Nyangwe, but had not at the time of writing laid out his course beyond that point.

Secchi has compiled a very useful list of 444 colored stars. A note is added to each star, showing the color and the type of spectrum. The number of the star in Chambers's catalogue is given when it is mentioned there, and the mean co-ordinates for 1870. This catalogue will prove useful in detecting the variability of stars, both as to changes of magnitude and changes of spectrum. The four types of Secchi are: 1. *White stars*—Sirius, Alpha Lyræ, etc. 2. *Yellow stars*—Capella, Pollux, etc. 3. *Reddish-yellow stars*—Alpha Orionis, Beta Pegasi, etc. 4. *Small blood-red stars*—Usually telescopic.

It is not usually known that the first three types were discriminated by Sir William Herschel in 1798. A brief account of his work in this direction is given in *Philosophical Transactions*, 1814. Secchi's work above referred to is published in the *Italian Spectroscopic Journal*.

A proposition has recently been made, and to some extent elaborated, to use the springs of fresh-water which arise from the bottom of the sea for the supply of vessels. Mr. Toselli claims that the water from such sources may be conveyed through flexible tubes which can be held at the surface and indicated by flexible buoys. It is reported that Mr. Toselli has studied the question carefully, but the practicability of the means suggested still remains to be verified.

Mr. J. Scott Bowerbank, who is best known in connection with his study of sponges, died at Hastings, on the 9th of March last, in the eightieth year of his age. He had published numerous papers, and done much to advance our knowledge of the low class of organisms to which he had devoted his chief attention. He was one of the founders of the Royal Microscopical Society and the Paleontographical Society, and a member of many others.

The commission of the Royal Academy of Science at Vienna, on the completion of the publication of scientific results of the "Novara Expedition," has given a new index to the long series of volumes—twenty-two in number—which have been published during a number of years past, and which is also accompanied, in a letter to the Emperor of Austria, by a review of the work done in connection with the volumes. The series thus completed is one of the finest and most beautifully printed of any of the numerous collections of geographical reports yet issued under the auspices of any government. The most eminent specialists in the different departments of science have reported upon those subjects with which they are most familiar.

Sir C. Wyville Thompson, who has become so well known as the scientific director of the *Challenger* expedition, has recently been appointed Rede Lecturer at the University of Cambridge for the ensuing year.

The Balloon Commission appointed by the French government, and known as the "Commission pour les Communications par Voie Aérienne," seems to have been established on a permanent basis. It will, it is said, avail itself of carrier-pigeons, as well as of aeronauts and balloons.

According to the Green Bay *Advocate*, a copper and silver bearing vein has been discovered on the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, at Westborough, within a mile of the dépôt, and has been traced for a distance of over eleven miles. The surrounding rock is a very dark trap, and the vein a white quartz. The vein near the town, so far as known, is from half an inch to an inch wide, and in the vicinity of the furthest point about a foot in thickness, and carries native copper in scales, accompanied by silver. The copper is extremely soft, and readily cut with a knife. The vein has as yet been very superficially explored, and no shaft has been sunk to test the extension beneath the surface.

The engineers of the Quebec and St. Johns Railway Company have lately been supplied by the government of Canada with meteorological instruments for the purpose of observing the temperature, rain and snow falls, etc., of the district through which the proposed railway will run. If such a system of observation could be extended to all the railways of North America, a vast amount of valuable information might be obtained.

The Suez Canal has now become the route of navigation of twenty-four regular lines of steamers. These aggregate the number of 234 vessels, of a burden of 509,447 tons. The greatest number of vessels (46) is owned by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and next are the Messageries Nationales of France and the Austrian Lloyd's, each of which possesses 18.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The latest report of the Diet Kitchen Association of New York gives some definite idea of the suffering relieved by this charity. There are three of these kitchens in this city under the control of the association, and connected with dispensaries. The first one was established in 1873, in the district of the Demilt Dispensary. It was believed that properly prepared food would save more lives than the drugs of the dispensary; certain it is that, co-operating with the officers of that institution, the diet kitchen was found to be most useful; and in 1874 another was opened to cooperate with the Northwestern Dispensary, in whose building it was provided with rooms. Last year a third diet kitchen was established at 137 Centre Street, in the building of the old City Dispensary. These kitchens are under the general supervision of well-known and responsible women. Patients are furnished with applications for certain articles of food, signed by the physicians, and these are presented at the diet kitchen. Wholesome, nutritious, and appropriate food is thus provided for the sick. Many pitiful cases of misery are revealed by those who bring their physical wants to the diet kitchens. One or two incidents taken from the recent report show the class of applicants and their necessities:

"An Englishwoman had a daughter dying of catarrhal consumption; they were in such misery that she begged 'they might take something and die.' 'Then,' the matron said, 'I knew it was time to do something.' Some friend paid the daughter's passage; money enough was raised for the mother; and two weeks ago they were sent back 'home,' where a brother had promised, if they could reach him, he would take care of them.

"One woman came too early for her milk, and was reproved. 'Excuse me,' she sobbed, 'but my sick baby has been crying for milk all night, and we have not any of us had any thing to eat since yesterday morning.'

"A tall young fellow, with a very bad coat on, but honest and shy, was looking toward the door as he held out his pail for milk.

"'But where's the other kettle for beef tea?' the matron asked.

"'The one that drank the beef tea is dead, and the other won't touch it.'

"Those spoken of were two sisters, one, fifteen, died of consumption, the other, thirteen, dying of it."

The perils of the ocean seem great when we consider the statistics of maritime disasters for last February, as published by the *Bureau Veritas*, of Brussels. The total number of sailing vessels, of all flags, reported lost is 192; the total number of steamers, 11.

Surely there might be some wiser and better way of settling disputes and disagreements between employers and employés than by strikes. After a strike of sixteen weeks, the operative potters of Trenton, New Jersey, about two thousand in number, determined to resume work at the old prices. During all those weeks their families were, in many cases, suffering, and much suffering and trouble must continue. For, unfortunately for the strikers, the manufacturers, in order to carry on their work, obtained new help; so that there is not enough work for nearly all who now desire it.

The Newfoundland seal fishery this year promises to be remarkably successful. Before April 7, no less than 165,000 seals had been landed at St. Johns. One steamer, the *Neptune*, brought in 42,000—a wonderful cargo, the results of twenty-six days of seal-hunting, and valued at $126,000. This is considered the largest cargo of seals ever brought into any port in Newfoundland.

Last autumn Rangeley village, near the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine, was partially destroyed by fire. During the winter the village has been rebuilt, and among the new structures is the "Rangeley Lake House," a commodious and comfortable hotel. The Rangeley Lakes are a favorite resort for many who desire a pleasant summer excursion, especially gentlemen who are fond of catching—and eating—delicious trout.

A Boston paper relates a little incident which may be worth some careful consideration. A lady entered one of the Boston dry-goods stores the other day, and asked to be shown some English laces. The salesman exhibited the desired article.

"Are these really English?" she asked, after subjecting the fabric to a careful scrutiny.

"Well," replied the salesman, a little confusedly, "they were, until Mr. Moody came."

Truth-telling behind the counter, as well as every where else, would soon inspire confidence in the religious teaching of which it is the result.

All licensed coaches and cabs in this city have a plainly printed card in the inside of the vehicle on which is stated the legal rates of fare. Passengers would do well to examine these carefully, and if a driver demands an extortionate fare, he should be informed that if he persists in his demand, complaint will be made at the office of Marshal Kelly, where the driver will forfeit the whole amount of the fare. Mr. Kelly may be found every day at his office in the City Hall; and if the riding public will take the trouble for a while to present grievances to him, they will not only be redressed, but swindling hackmen will soon find it does not "pay" to continue their practices, and honest drivers will gain in the confidence of the community.

A grand banquet was recently given at the celebrated Restaurant Borell, in St. Petersburg, by the Russian Centennial Commissioners to the members of the American Legation and Consulate-General. The express object of the dinner was to show appreciation of the hospitality and cordiality tendered to the Russian representatives during their stay in the United States. Among those present were Mr. Boker, United States minister at St. Petersburg; Secretary of Legation Atkinson; Consul-General Pomutz; Mr. A. E. Butoffsky, director of the Department of Trades and Manufactures; Baron F. R. Osten-Sacken, director of the Department of the Interior, the gentleman under whose direction the Russian Centennial exhibit was prepared; Captain Semeteschin, aid-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who was in charge of the Russian naval exhibit at Philadelphia; and a large number of Russian gentlemen who had visited the Centennial in various capacities. When the health of the Emperor of Russia and of the President of the United States was proposed, the banquet-room resounded with enthusiastic cheers. Captain Semeteschin was chosen to represent the Russians present, and to express to the American minister their thanks for the many courtesies and kindnesses which they had been the recipients of during their stay in America, and he warmly alluded to the friendship existing between Russia and America. The American minister responded to this speech in a manner which aroused hearty applause. An address, written in English by Mr. Yermakoff, vice-president of the Department of Commerce and Manufactures, was read, in which the earnest wish was expressed that the commercial relations between the two countries might be more intimate and direct. Many toasts were proposed, and other speeches made, and the banquet continued until a late hour.

Forest fires have been raging during the late dry weather in various sections of New York State and on Long Island. A spark from a passing locomotive is fanned by the high winds, and spreads so rapidly that nothing but heavy rains will extinguish the flames. Much valuable timber has been destroyed.

The association formed for the purpose of erecting a memorial building in honor of Shakspeare upon the banks of the Avon intend, as already announced, that the building shall include a small theatre for the occasional performance of the great dramatist's plays, a library of dramatic literature, and a gallery containing pictures and statuary of Shakspearean subjects. The sum at present guaranteed will be sufficient to so far advance the theatre as to make it available for use, though lacking the proposed ornamental details, and a further sum of £4000 is required to enable the council to proceed with the library and picture-gallery. The council state that if this amount could be raised at once, the building would be ready for the inauguration by the 23d of April, 1878. The ultimate object of the association is to form the nucleus of a school of acting, under experienced teachers.

Between July 1, 1876, and April 1, 1877, 22,200,955 pounds of fresh dressed beef were exported to England and Scotland from the two ports of New York and Philadelphia, the largest part from the former port.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A gentleman called at a large stationer's to order some note-paper with a heading. On being shown various designs, monograms, etc., he said, "No, I want something simpler—just a flower, such as a forget-me-not." "But, Sir, that would surely be more suitable for a young lady." "I know what I want," was the prompt reply; "I'm a tailor, and—the paper is for my customers."

At the marriage of an Alabama widower, one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, Sah: when old missus's alive, he took a paddle to her; dunno if he take a bridle to de new one or not."

"Deceased had a nature as sensitive as a sore thumb."—Omaha obituary.

At a restaurant the guest called the waiter to him and remarked, "This goose with wine sauce would be most palatable but for a slight mistake—the age is in the goose, and not in the wine."

"Money! give me money, or I shall be driven to a deed my soul abhors." The citizen produced a handful of silver with tremulous alacrity, and it then occurred to him to inquire what particular form of felony his benevolence had defeated. "Work," muttered the wanderer, as he fobbed the coin and passed away.

A young man who mistook a bottle of varnish for a bottle of hair-oil, concluded that dancing was a frivolous amusement, and kept away from a masquerade ball. But when inquisitive friends asked why he staid away, he told an unvarnished tale.

Mrs. Murray had no spoon for her soup, and called the attention of the servant to the fact. The man-servant replied to his mistress, in a voice which was heard all over the room, "Mum, the last time Mrs. Murray was here, we lost a spoon!"

A school-master asked a class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head." "Well," said one of the boys, "I don't know, unless he carried his papers in his hat."

One of our Wall Street friends wants to know the difference between the day rate of gold and the nitrate of silver.

"Honesty is the best policy; an' ye may tak' my word in the matter, for I hae tried baith," said the Scotch trader.

"De new preacher is mo' larnt dan Mistuh Boles was; but, Lor' bless you, Sah! he ain't got de doleful sound like Mistuh Boles had. No, indeedy!"

"Grandma, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, my child, I am getting old now, and can't take care of one as I used to, you know."

Son. "I really—beg pardon—had no idea it was so late; my watch must have stopped."

Stern Parent. "Undoubtedly. I advise you to have it repaired immediately." [*Exeunt Omnes.*

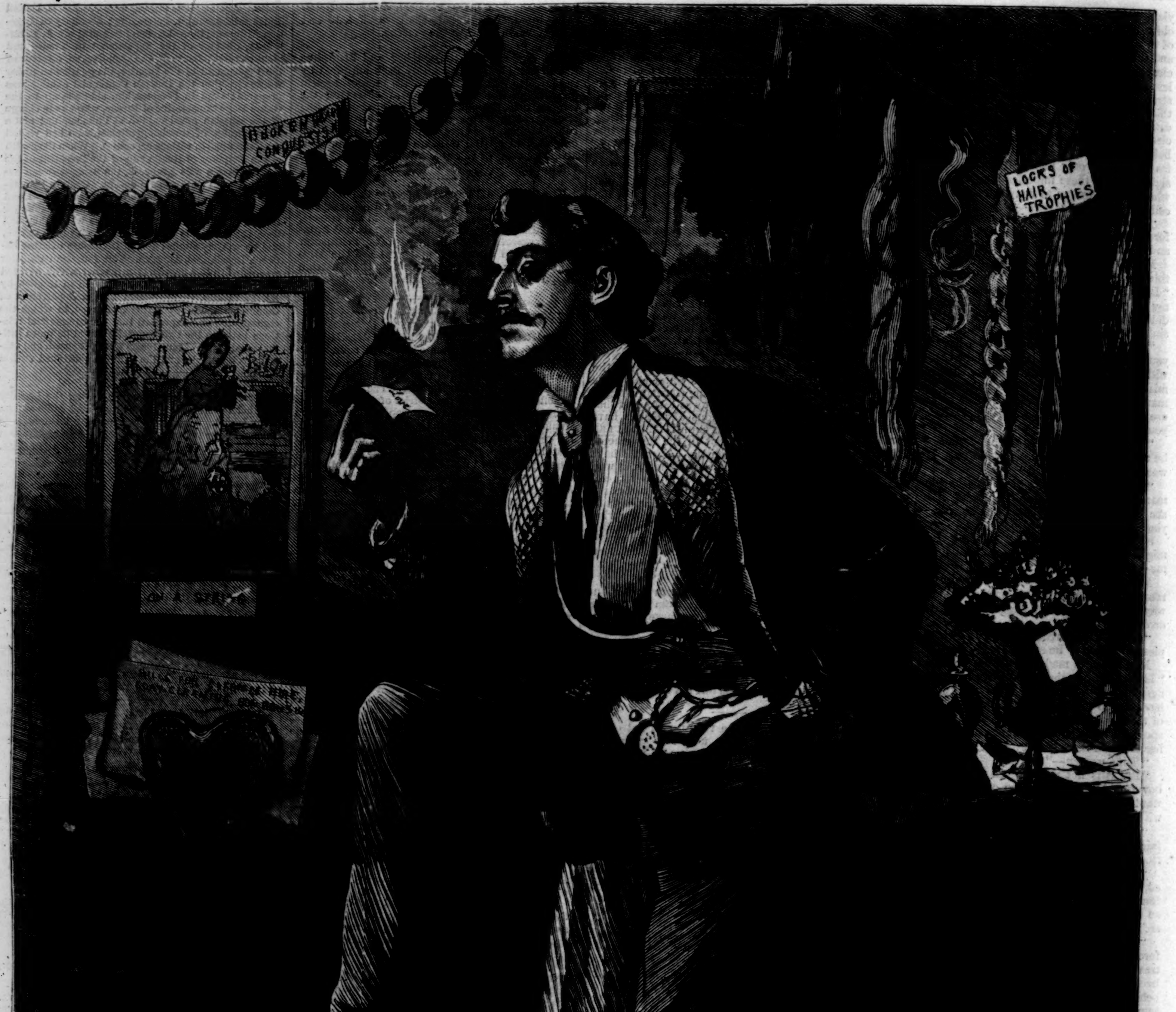
Senior (*to Freshman, as they stroll along the street at midnight*). "How wonderful are the heavens! Only think, it takes thousands of years for the light from some of those dim stars to reach us."

Philosophic Freshman. "Yes; but I say, suppose a ray of light has just started from one of those stars, and after it has travelled a thousand years to reach the earth, suppose the earth to be suddenly annihilated; what a terrible disappointment not to find the earth after all! Or, suppose an astronomer traces up a ray of light and finds no star, but only a hole at the end of it, the star having gone out a thousand years before—how unsatisfactory that would be!"

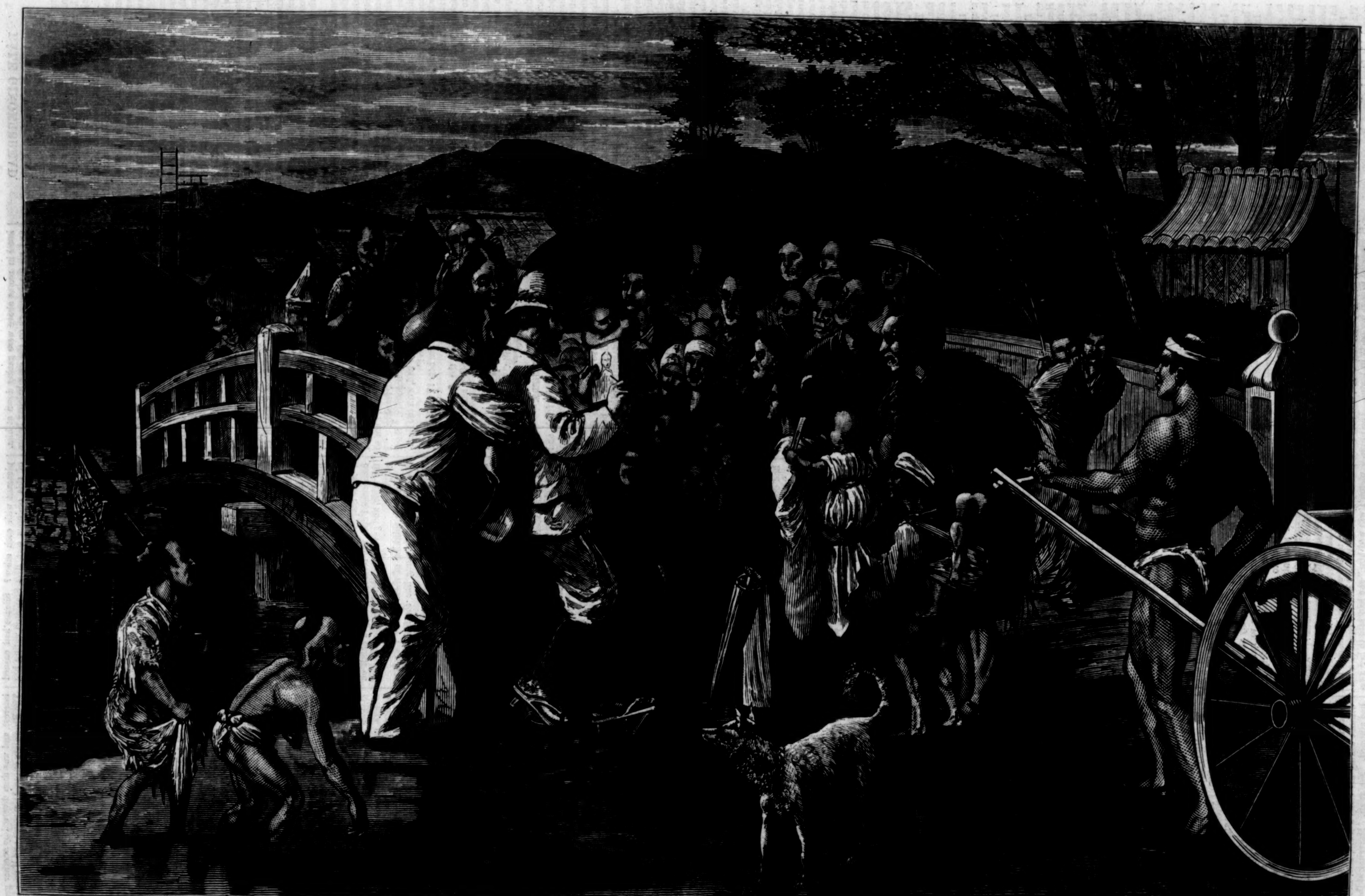
[*Utter collapse of Senior.*

A Tie Vote—When both parties vote yes, and the preacher ties the knot.

A Missouri aspirant to matrimony advertises that he will give three mules to any maiden who will wed him; which gives rise to the question, "What respectable woman would want such a four-in-hand?"


BROKEN HEARTS CONQUESTS
LOCKS OF HAIR - TROPHIES
Love
ON A STRIKE
Thy Loving Maria
C. S. REINHART

THE CLOSE OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.



OUR ARTIST AT KIOTO, JAPAN.—Drawn by Felix Regamy.—[See Page 354.]

BÂLE GINGERBREAD.

I.—MR. STAPLETON, U.S.A.

The sun had set at Bâle on a Saturday evening in midsummer, when a gentleman stepped out on a balcony of his room, drew a chair near the railing, and seated himself to enjoy the scene, with the aid of a good cigar.

The hotel was that quaint and altogether uncomfortable one, Les Trois Rois, where a traveller delights to linger in contemplation of polished wainscot, rich china on niches, mirrors, clocks, and carvings, even though his chamber should bear no evidence of familiarity with the house-maid's broom. Dingy and venerable Trois Rois, on the bank of River Rhine, unacquainted with the house-maid's broom, fluffy and mouldy in atmosphere, yet endowed with that charm of historical association, and commended by the veracious tourist Maximilian Misson, in the year 1690, with far more justice than we can praise in succeeding 1876! However indifferent the viands now served, in this old mansion met those three sovereigns, the Emperor Conrad II., his son Henry III., and Rudolph, last King of Bourgogne, to discuss little matters of mutual interest, and their effigies still seem to nod above the door. Verily modern hotels can not boast so glorious an ancient record, however luxurious their upholstery.

The gentleman on the balcony sighed half impatiently, and removed the cigar from his lips. He was a handsome man, with a brown mustache, and a nose above it of the type aristocratic. Mr. Stapleton's family pride was centred in this straight, firm nose, with the flexible nostrils which belonged to his race, and bore them back, as it were, to the old country, in claiming relationship with the English nobility. Miss Stapleton had even desired to trace the family nose when she landed in England, but her brother had ridiculed the intention, with a sullen acquiescence ensuing on her part, for Miss Stapleton was not to be finally laughed out of any project. If the nasal organ of the lords Berromeo is a characteristic feature, might not the Stapletons also boast a far more ornamental appendage in another quarter of the world?

The Rhine flowed below the balcony, still tinged with rosy reflections from the sky, the bridge spanned the river just beyond, where the people came and went, opposite stretched the lower margin of town, and, farther down the stream, a primitive ferry-boat plied between the shores by means of a rope. A peaceful place in the twilight, stirred in all its pulses by healthy industry, famous for its ribbons and gingerbread.

Neither aspect of the spot, past or present, interested Mr. Stapleton, U.S.A. He had not wished to visit Bâle; he was weary of contention, and a little afraid of making a fool of himself, so Janet had taken the lead, as usual. Was he really in love? The fact that his sister Janet managed most things, which was apparent to a disinterested public, became dimly shadowed forth to his own mind, seated on the pretty balcony, because he was disappointed and out of sorts. Janet was excellent, of course, and believed in him, yet she was tiresome occasionally.

There is always one member of a family who gathers the reins of government into firm hands, and others who are driven and controlled. Janet had thus driven the Stapleton chariot for the past ten years, since her brother Roger returned from college to attend his father's funeral. The servants at the old homestead on the Hudson bank knew it; the farmers discussed her feminine tyranny, far and wide, beside the stove of the village store on winter mornings, when huge boots steamed, and mittens were in demand, or in the autumn harvest fields, when the cider jug circulated; but brother Roger had never felt the tightening of the curb until this evening at Bâle, possibly because he confessed himself to be out of sorts, and had journeyed.

The balcony was a double one, and shared by the next window as well. Watching the smoke curl from his cigar, the loiterer presently became aware of voices speaking the English tongue.

Invisible Lady. "I should like to taste Bâle gingerbread, and I suppose Rosy will know what there is to be seen here."

Invisible Gentleman. "Yes, the little puss keeps up with the history of these places surprisingly well."

Invisible Lady. "I doubt if even Miss Stapleton could do better than our Rosy. Well, thank Heaven! she is far enough away by this time, with all her superior airs and graces. I only hope we may not set eyes on her again in Paris."

Invisible Gentleman (*with unpardonable tameness*). "Tut, tut! She is a lady of excellent qualities, my dear; and you know her brother has been your beau ideal of manly virtue these ten years."

Invisible Lady (*with proper spirit*). "I have no patience with men! No doubt Miss Stapleton could manage *you* perfectly, as she does her brother, and her tyranny is a by-word through the country at home. Every body knows that she does not intend he shall ever marry, and she picks any girl to pieces who crosses his path."

Invisible Gentleman (*mildly*). "That is none of our affair, eh? Rosy is not in love with him, I hope."

Invisible Lady (*with a short laugh*). "Oh, nothing at all to us, of course; only one dislikes to see a really fine man so managed by a nagging old maid sister, until he is afraid to say that his soul is his own. Why, he would not dare to present me with a box of Bâle gingerbread, if he were here, without asking leave. Ha! ha!"

Fancy the emotions of Mr. Stapleton, U.S.A.! The flush of surprise and annoyance which overspread his face betrayed indecision, even perplexity, and yet was succeeded by a swift smile of satisfaction. He rose from his chair mechanically, feeling as if all the occupants of the hotel in rooms above were gazing down at him, and all the loungers on the long balcony below were equally interested in staring up, delighting in his discomfiture. Why should he experience this collapse of pride in acute self-consciousness? He resumed his chair, and actually listened eagerly. Here he was playing the part of eavesdropper, because of the fascination of receiving these rapier thrusts on his armor from the invisible lady. Yes, he, Roger Stapleton, was availing himself of a privilege not usually accorded to members of good society, in order to learn what Rosy's mother thought of himself. What absurd prejudices women had! He supposed to be managed by Janet, whose opinions had no more weight with him than the summer breeze? She was rather severe in criticism of girls, fancying that his wife must embody all graces, even as Thorwaldsen's Venus could only be perfected from the fusion of thirty beautiful models into one lovely shape. He was in no haste to marry.

The river flowed swiftly yet tranquilly, and stars began to appear in the clear sky, as shadows gathered about the bridge. A girl stepped out of the next window, humming a snatch of song, and started perceptibly at sight of her neighbor. The July evening gained color, warmth, in her very advent, even a waft of perfume came from the flowers in her golden hair. The brightness of her presence dazzled the quiet gentleman; he extended his hand, the flush of pleasure again overspreading his face.

"Rosy!"

"Mr. Stapleton!" she laughed, merrily, and gave him both of her little hands. "Oh, I am so glad to see you again!" she added, frankly. "I thought we were deserted for Chamounix. Such a glorious journey as we have had, with the Bernese Alps left behind, though!"

"Are you glad to find me here?" he inquired, softly.

Rosy sighed, and tapped the floor with her foot a moment, then the dimpling smiles curved the saucy lips once more.

"Let me throw down flowers on the bald head of the fat German who sits there smoking so placidly," she said, gleefully. "What fun it would be, if one only dared!"

II.—AN AMERICAN HEBE.

Sunday morning dawned at Bâle, fresh and clear at least in the eyes of that American Hebe, Rose Brownley, to whom all things wore the holiday aspect of novelty. Every thing was so delightful and every body so pleasant in the estimation of Rosy, a spoiled child, indeed, but with that sweetness of temperament which ever receives more than it imparts. Rosy's portion was flowers and bloom, and material for speculative interest in her fellow-creatures, as afforded by the citizens of Bâle, in Sunday attire, crossing the bridge; Miss Stapleton's portion, if the truth must be told, in an adjacent chamber, the thorn pricks of alarm, suspicion, and anxiety to avert the possible consequences of this unfortunate rencontre with people she had plotted to avoid. Of course Mrs. Brownley was a designing mother, and had brought Rosy to Bâle to encounter her brother again. All this was as clear as Alpine crystal to a casual observer. Miss Stapleton was not a casual observer, and was quite capable of discerning deep motives more or less liable to undermine society in the way Mr. Brownley pored over his guide-book maps, although the recreation was a sufficiently harmless one, and he possessed no more power of management in travel than a mouse, as his wife frequently informed him.

Rosy tripped out on the balcony again; her neighbor was not there to bid her good-morning. In all her little world did any one approach the standard of Mr. Roger Stapleton? She shook her golden head, glancing half wistfully at the sparkling river. She could not remember the time when he had not been deemed a model of elegance and refinement in the village at home, as heir of the Stapleton homestead. Why, even grandfather had taken her on his knee in the porch of the old farm-house, after Master Stapleton from school had galloped his pony past, and told her wonderful tales of the Revolution. Eighteen is the age for mind-pictures, colored from the glowing tints of imagination. Standing on the balcony at Bâle, above the Rhine, Rosy saw still more vividly the old farm-house, the great watch-dog asleep in the grass, the locust-trees filling the air with the faint sweetness of their blossoms, herself in clean frock and ribbons, baby feet incased in Lilliputian slippers, perched on grandfather's knee, and a trifle frightened when bidden never to forget what General Stapleton had done for his country in fighting the Redcoats. Then the fairy prince on his pony dashed past. How delightful to spend a Sunday at Bâle with him, if only to admire and try to imitate his beautiful manners! Miss Stapleton was unusually cross, but Rosy did not mind that.

The Brownleys had risen in the social scale since the watch-dog winked in the grass on the hot, midsummer noonday, and the locust-trees shed the cloying sweetness of their blossoms. Rosy was now a city millionaire's only daughter, yet those early lessons lingered. She poised herself lightly on the balcony, singing softly to herself, but her neighbor did not appear. Mr. Stapleton was taking coffee with his sister. Silence reigned in their small salon, broken only by the click of spoons and rattle of crockery; a quiet suggestive of some topic having been set aside only to be resumed later. Mr. Stapleton would have been amused had he not also been irritated. Janet had been absurd enough to lose her temper on learning that the Brownleys were also stopping over Sunday at Les Trois Rois, and had declared, with amazing vehemence, that they fully intended to join her party in travel. The brother's reply had been unusually sharp; perhaps the charm of Rosy on the balcony in the twilight still lingered in his mind. Why could not women be pleasant with each other? Silence had ensued of this ominous sort, Miss Stapleton eating her roll gloomily, while her brother took refuge in sipping his coffee.

Miss Stapleton's head ached after a sleepless night; her manner of biting the roll would have warned most men of her humor; and, indeed, Roger disliked to see her disturbed. Presently she opened her batteries again.

"These Brownleys will be considered our intimate friends every where. She is a pushing, presumptuous woman."

"Who? Rosy a pushing woman?" queried Mr. Stapleton, a trifle wickedly.

"Rosy! I am speaking of her mother," returned his sister, contemptuously. "Why can not people be contented in their proper places, instead of striving to climb by every possible means, and then only succeed in making themselves unhappy?"

"My dear Janet, the question is what an unsuitable position may be, in this wicked world, for a gentleman with a million of money," said her brother, provokingly.

"I detest the *nouveaux riches*," retorted Miss Stapleton, haughtily. "He made his money in boots or iron, I believe."

"Mr. Brownley is certainly a millionaire, and I only hope some needy nobleman adventurer over here may not snap up little Rosy in consequence," said the brother, with a certain forced composure.

Miss Stapleton grew slightly pale about her compressed lips; she rested her clasped hands on the table, and gave him a darting glance of quick suspicion.

"Are you thinking of that?" Her voice was low, but her words stung like the fine lash of a little whip.

Roger rose from his chair, and again that unwonted flush overspread his face.

"I intend to be polite in any intercourse we may have with these kind, simple-hearted people, and you will oblige me by doing the same," he said, knitting his brows as he looked at her.

Miss Stapleton dropped her eyelids; her brother took his hat and left the room.

In the vestibule of the hotel stood Rosy, fair as the morning, two pet dogs fawning on her, the young secretary hovering admiringly near, while she descanted on the beauties of a Chinese tea-pot to her obedient father.

"Oh, Mr. Stapleton, do come and persuade papa to buy it!" she said, with a bright smile.

"Rosy is going wild over porcelain," said Mr. Brownley.

"Why not cracked outright?" laughed Rosy.

The tea-pot was purchased, and while Mr. Brownley paid for it, Janet's brother contrived to inquire what Rosy's plans were for the day.

"Oh, to spend the whole time out-of-doors," she returned, and stopped, for her mother approached with a most ominous expression of countenance.

Mr. Stapleton's morning salutation was received rather coldly by Rosy's mother. Unhappy gentleman! her discussion of himself still rankled in his memory.

"How shall we enjoy this fine day, Mrs. Brownley?" he inquired, rather deprecatingly.

Mrs. Brownley dropped her eyelids as his sister had done.

"Really, I suppose there is not much to be seen here. We have letters to write this morning. Come, Rosy."

With that she marched Hebe up stairs, jailer fashion, leaving Mr. Stapleton mystified.

"How can you be so rude to him?" said Rosy, with burning cheeks.

Mrs. Brownley looked at the pretty face of her child and relented.

"Miss Stapleton thinks we chase her brother, I know. We wish nothing of him," she replied, indignantly.

Rosy lifted her head with fine, youthful scorn.

"Let her think what she pleases. You are never going to stop in this dull room all the morning writing letters."

"If we do go out you may wear the lavender suit," retorted irrelevantly the doting mother.

Rosy clapped her hands.

The Bâle Museum was open to its public, a privilege improved by sundry groups, for the most part composed of youths in habiliments strongly scented with chamois skin, and sturdy maidens in blue gowns resembling German dolls. An old lady stood in the centre of the main gallery, accompanied by a tall, brilliant girl, and the two scanned fresh arrivals, as if the process furnished the sauce piquante of their *fête* day. This bent, shriveled little woman, in a lace shawl and brocaded gown, holding her velvet prayer-book, had in her glance the quizzical gleam of one who had once belonged to the world. Across the sharp critic's range of vision passed Miss Stapleton in black, cloudy draperies, with an amber-tinted rose in her hat, and a great coil of gold around her throat. She was still a martyr to headache, but she had evinced laudable zeal in accompanying her brother on a walk. Men had little to do with their own marriages; circumstances aided or hindered matrimony, according to Miss Stapleton's creed. The mania to guide her brother's choice had increased with the years he had remained single. He was tolerably safe in the company of other men, and free to indulge in their pastimes; when he went into society she also devoted herself to its claims. Had she not come abroad suddenly because a matron with three blooming daughters had rented a cottage near the homestead for the summer? "Checkmate," said Miss Stapleton, promptly, and sailed for Europe. As for herself, even at eighteen no man had dared to flirt with her, because of that family pride. "When I find the equal of a Stapleton I will wed him," she had said to her awe-stricken school-mates at a very early age.

The little old lady of the Bâle Museum scanned the strangers' Paris-made garments with lively interest, and was then diverted by another group. The Brownleys entered the room, and if ever Rosy had been charming in her life, it was in that distracting toilet of lavender, with an Arcadian hat, flower-crowned, on her head. She glanced through her silky eyelashes at Roger Stapleton, but her mother colored with vexation. Miss Stapleton should have been at the English service held in the hotel. Guileless Mr. Brownley insisted on showing that lady a favorite Teniers in a remote corner; Rosy had paused before a picture of the Flemish school. Lo! a smiling grandfather trotted a chubby little girl on his knee; only the fairy prince on his pony was lacking. Hebe raised her eyes to Mr. Stapleton's face; the events of the morning had curbed her frank gayety.

"Do you remember—" she began, and pointed to the picture, then paused, and bit her lip.

He was gazing down at her with admiration. Such beauty as softly flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, eager and even childish in expression, might possess, were enhanced by the absurd little hat.

"What am I to recall?"

"Nothing," said Rosy, pettishly.

"You have not yet seen the Holbein sketches," he said, ignoring her petulance.

"They are in the next room," interposed Miss Stapleton, looking at Rosy with hard, cold eyes. The girl had no style, no elegance, argued the elder woman; was dumpy, plebeian; would be coarse in time. Let her marry one of her father's clerks; she was not the wife for Roger Stapleton.

Conscious of the hostility of the glance, Rosy shrank and turned away. She was not used to sneers or blows. Oh, the burning indignation of her mother!

Said guileless Mr. Brownley, unaware of the dangerous eddies about him: "Let us all drive out of town and lunch at some café."

"A good plan," assented Mr. Stapleton, eagerly.

Guileless Mr. Brownley could by no means be brought to perceive Miss Stapleton's dislike, even by his womenkind. He had entertained her so many times in his own house. Alas! Rosy was then a little girl.

Miss Stapleton cared not a fig what any body thought if she could draw her brother safely out of this net. She took his arm now.

"My head aches too badly for such a drive," she said, with a faint smile.

"I will take you back to the hotel first," he added.

She hesitated, still holding his arm. Mrs. Brownley opened her fan excitedly.

"I do not intend to make the excursion on Sunday," she said, tartly.

Then the two ladies bowed, and their respective parties separated. The smiles faded from Rosy's lips. Mr. Stapleton's leave-taking was stiff in the consciousness that Mrs. Brownley would again say that his sister managed him, and yet she repelled all his efforts at emancipation. The Sunday at Bâle was doomed to be a failure and a disappointment. The sky was blue, the town most quaint and attractive in aspect, and yet because Miss Stapleton was supercilious, and Mrs. Brownley's pride ready to flame, nothing was to be enjoyed. All projects of Mr. Brownley's failed, his wife was so thoroughly out of temper. She had taken her own course, and made her daughter miserable. Had she not played her cards for the advantage of her adversary's hand as well? Rosy ate her lunch in silence, and withdrew into a corner with a book; Mr. Brownley went to the reading-room to regale himself with English newspapers; Mrs. Brownley commenced a letter, but her thoughts strayed to Rosy in her corner.

"I do not care! She shall not say that I tried to capture her brother for Rosy," she reflected, making a blot on her paper such as necessitated a fresh sheet.

At four o'clock Rosy yawned, tossed aside her book, and went to her room. At half past four Mrs. Brownley was startled by a tap on the door, and Miss Stapleton swept into the salon. A red spot glowed on each of that lady's cheeks, and her hands trembled.

"Where is your daughter?" she demanded, abruptly.

Mrs. Brownley's plumage began to ruffle immediately.

"My daughter was here a moment ago."

Miss Stapleton uttered a short laugh; she was evidently intensely angry.

"She has gone out with my brother, madam."

Mrs. Brownley smiled; for the first time she was given a point of vantage.

"No doubt they will soon return," she said, calmly.

"Oh, if you do not object, it is really kind of her to amuse him in this dull house. I suppose you are aware what these nations say about American girls."

"What do they say?" demanded the hapless mother, defiantly.

"They misunderstand us, of course, although I never observed that an American girl lost any thing by prudence and self-respect, and they doubt the propriety of such as run about with any man alone."

Then Miss Stapleton swept away again, leaving Mrs. Brownley simply stricken dumb.

III.—THE BOX OF "BASLER LECKERLI."

The indignant mother still stood in the same attitude of speechless anger, overwhelmed by the last words of her visitor, when a *garçon* appeared with a box. It was a pretty receptacle, with a satin lid and dainty ribbons, such as usually contain *bonbons*; in this case it held delicately sugared strips of Bâle gingerbread. Attached was Mr. Stapleton's card. Did she recall her own words of the previous evening? He would not venture to buy even a box of Bâle gingerbread without asking his sister's leave, Mrs. Brownley had affirmed. Not at all. Marveling at the turn of events, the lady merely selected a bit of the cake, and nibbled it abstractedly.

The monument of St. Jacob rose on the hill, placed at an angle of white road, and framed in the soft verdure of shrubbery. The marble woman towered proudly above her wounded children grouped at her feet, who gave, on St. Jacob's Day, their "souls to God, their bodies to the enemy." A light breeze rustled among the tree-tops, the foliage glanced and rippled in the sun's western rays; all about were the modern villas of thrifty Bâle, surrounded by gardens. A citizen was leading his little brood up the steps to admire the national glory, while the mother paused below, holding a flapping green parasol over the baby's head. Mr. Stapleton and Rosy stood above.

"I suppose it was naughty, but I was obliged to do something," said the girl, archly.

"Spare my feelings, Rosy, or add that you were unhappy without me."

Rosy's lips acquired their sauciest curve.

"I was very happy indeed without you—before you came."

Rosy had gone to the window of the balcony, in sheer *ennui*, and peeped through the shutters. Mr. Stapleton stood there, vexed with his sister, and piqued by Mrs. Brownley's coolness. He heard a slight tap, and beheld a little paper flutter through the shutter like a butterfly. He held out his hand, and the paper floating forth, sank into his palm. Rosy seemed to have thus drifted into his life. The girl had written, "Let us run away and see the town."

The next moment he had stood in the hall beside Rosy, and together they had made their way to the street.

"First, we must buy some gingerbread for your mother," he had said, gayly.

With twin towers and quaintly carved portals, with the mellow tint of its walls deepening in the crimson glories of sunset, and the cloisters hushed as the repose of its occupants, the old minster crowned the terraced height above the river and the town. How beautiful is the church where Erasmus sleeps, with its wide terrace and all those lofty trees forming green arches overhead! Rosy paused on the terrace, half subdued by her frolic.

"I am afraid to return home, only we may never be in Bâle again," she said.

"Perhaps we may come back together, Rosy," whispered a musical voice in her ear.

There was a subtle eloquence in mutual confidences beneath those arching trees, with the Rhine flowing past to the pearly gray horizon. Would Roger Stapleton have asked little Rosy to marry him just then, save for the crisis at Bâle? Perhaps not, as procrastination was his fault. It was sweet to have her under his protection in the gloaming, sweet to learn that he was the fairy prince in grandfather's tale of long ago, and in turn to impart how much he had learned to love her in these summer rambles—merry, winsome Rosy!—only he had feared to make a fool of himself by a rash declaration.

"As if you could!" cried Rosy, nestling closer to him.

Then they returned to Les Trois Rois.

Night again settled over the town, visiting Miss Stapleton in a dark corner, where she had wept herself blind with her head on the pillow, and now counted the progress of events in every throb of her beating temples. Roger was on the balcony with Rosy as accepted lover, and Mrs. Brownley, doubtless, was already planning the trousseau, with maternal pride in the great match. The wheel had revolved, and her sceptre of rule was gone from her; as well strive to check the Rhine with her two feeble hands as to divert the tide of her brother's future life from flowing ever farther from herself. In grief, pain, surprise, and deep sense of loss, she fought the battle with her head on the pillow, then rose, adjusted her dress, composed her features. She was a Stapleton.

"Roger, I should like to kiss Rosy," she said, quietly, and emerged on the balcony.

Rosy came to be kissed; then laughed softly.

"I have been thinking that our Sunday at Les Trois Rois has been like Bâle gingerbread—compounded of bitter and sweet," said the girl.

"Then life must be like Bâle gingerbread, my dear," said her father from his end of the balcony.

THE TURKS AND A NATIONAL CONSCIENCE.[*]

Mr. Freeman's interesting essay, "The Turks in Europe," throws new light upon the nature of the struggle that seems about to break out in the East, and all the friends of knowledge and humanity will naturally be attracted by the question, "Will civilization and progress be advanced by the fall of Constantinople?" The question may for many years prove a speculative one. It is doubtful if Russia even hopes as yet to capture and occupy the city of Justinian and Belisarius. It would probably be content with some fresh territorial accession or some new pledge of a future advance. But the position of the Turks in Europe seems already sufficiently precarious, and many years can not pass before the whole system of the rule of a barbarous, tyrannical caste over a more intelligent and Christian people, over races that are really desirous of self-improvement and reform, must wholly pass away in all parts of the world. Mr. Gladstone no doubt expresses the common voice of humanity when he demands that the innocent and intelligent Servian and Bulgarian shall be set free from their horrible masters, when he asks for them the protection of the European powers, and asserts the pre-eminent right of knowledge and intelligence to make their way every where, unchecked by a barbarous reaction.

More than four centuries have passed since Mohammed II. and his Turks broke into Constantinople and inflicted upon its Greek and Christian population such horrible outrages as shocked even the moral sense of that uncultivated age. Knowledge perished, the treasures of Greek art were dissipated or destroyed, but the woes that fell upon the subject people are only faintly depicted even by the boldest range of historical fancy. Gibbon and Von Hammer relate the shocking story—the horrible massacres, the slavery of a nation, the desecration of St. Sophia, the infamous morals of the conquering Turk. The Turks were Moslem, but they were also savages; they were monsters sprung from the deserts of Tartary, and demons incapable of the commonest traits of progress. They brought to Europe the brutal tyranny of the Asian nomad, the cruelty of Gengis Khan, the vices of the lowest circle of human life; they spread over Bulgaria, Servia, and Wallachia a system of government more infamous and more wicked than even the worst feudal institutions of a ruthless age. Four centuries have passed: the world has changed, and the Turks alone seem immutable in their brutality. The same cruelty, the same crimes, they practiced in the age of Mohammed II. and Phranza the historian they still exercise upon the miserable Bulgarians and Greeks. Mr. Gladstone has told in his recent pamphlet a fresh story of these Turkish outrages; the narrative might almost have been taken from the Greek annalist, and reveals an instance of unchanging barbarity that can nowhere be equaled. The Bashi-Bazouks of to-day are monsters no more human than were the first hordes who broke into Constantinople. It is a startling proof of the truth of history and of the persistence of an innate malice in this ruling caste of barbarians to find a Turkish army more to be dreaded in the nineteenth century than was a horde of Lombards in the eighth, and the Turkish government unwilling or unable to punish the crimes of its officials.

In the mean time the Greek and Sclavic population, which has never lost its national traits during all the long centuries of horrible tyranny, and which has recently made very great progress toward a higher life, has begun to present more than ever before a remarkable contrast to the barbarism of its rulers. Among the most heart-rending of all the incidents of the recent details of Turkish cruelty is the fate of the village teachers. In nearly every one of the Bulgarian towns some school seems to have existed, and the school mistress or master was often accomplished, intelligent, Protestant. A softening influence surrounded these heralds of civilization. Beneath the dangerous shadow of Turkish tyranny they imparted humanity and restrained vice, and a new civilization spread over Bulgaria. But it is all swept away. Wherever the hordes of invaders have come, the school and the teacher have been the first objects of their malice. Dreadful tales are related of the fate of the Protestant teachers. The school and the village lie often in ashes together; the master and mistress were hacked in pieces by the swords of the barbarians. Knowledge perishes, the world seems turned back four hundred years, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Freeman may well cry out in the name of dishonored humanity for the punishment of the offenders or of their guilty government. A power that sanctions such crimes seems to them unfit to exist among civilized nations. A ruling caste which defies all the instincts of modern progress must be broken down in the common interest of mankind.

How to treat the Turk and enforce just punishment for his unheard of outrages is a question the English humanitarian leaders seem not yet to have answered with unanimity. Mr. Bright, and possibly Mr. Freeman, would leave Russia unimpeded in its designs against Turkey; Mr. Gladstone would oppose a Russian occupation of Constantinople. Other shades of opinion appear among the Liberal leaders. But the humanitarian element of the controversy has apparently conquered, and even the Tory leaders in England are afraid to avow a design to support the savage Turk in all his enormity. At first inclined to maintain the "traditional policy," resolved to sacrifice the impulses of humanity to the safety of the English possessions in the East, even Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby have at last shrunk from the fatal step. They dare not place themselves by the side of the murderous monsters and savages of Bulgaria. They are afraid to compromise with the men who have whipped or murdered school-teachers, burned school-houses and villages, treated with infamy Christian men and women, and brought into the nineteenth century barbarities which would have shocked the moral sense even of the Dark Ages. And not for the first time the English party of reaction stands awe-stricken and powerless before the common conscience of mankind. It was the historian Tacitus who discovered this powerful element in politics, or rather he imputes to Domitian the tyrant a design to destroy it. In a magnificent appeal to the higher instincts of his race, he cries, "Et conscientiam generis humani aboleris arbitrantur," and while reactionary or insincere politicians may seek to overlook or neglect this power among nations, it has in fact become the ruling one in all recent progress. It was invoked by the first opponents of the slave-trade in England and America, and they conquered at last. It next destroyed slavery; it repealed the corn laws in England, broke down imperialism in France, saved our own government, defied insurrection. The conscience of mankind is a mighty power that sweeps before it insincere and petty politicians, confounds time-servers and reactionists, and is the soul of modern reform.

To this principle Mr. Gladstone and the better class of English statesmen appeal, and they warn their countrymen that to compromise with the Turks is to share their guilt and to ally themselves with barbarism. It is the peculiarity of the Turk that he is incapable of reform. How often he has promised a better life, how often offered protection to the subject people, Mr. Freeman shows; yet these promises have never been fulfilled. The humaner race lies always at the mercy of the savage. The ruling caste disclaims any restraint of justice or of law. The past ten years have been filled with its outrages. No man's life, liberty, or property is safe under its tyranny; and robbery, insults, and murder rule over the wide domain. Terrible massacres have frequently occurred in various parts of this territory, for which no one has been punished; women and children have suffered; the land has known no rest. And England has looked on without active interference, and even restrained its subjects from interfering. And now once more the Turks claim the aid of English statesmen in resisting Russia; and English statesmen, at last shocked at the thought of leaguing themselves with savages and monsters, prefer to leave Turkey to its fate. They appeal with intense earnestness to their countrymen to respect the conscience of mankind—that power which the reactionary faction would abolish altogether. They would keep England free from a compromise with moral decay. For this they have been bitterly assailed by the reactionary editors and politicians: to have a generous and manly feeling, to rise to a high and magnanimous attitude, these political tricksters can never understand; and Mr. Gladstone and his followers are assailed as agitators and even demagogues because they would hold England fast to the true policy of nations.

One peculiar trait of the Eastern question is the ardor with which the papal faction has rallied to the side of the barbarous Turk. Except the Hungarians, the ruling caste of Constantinople has no friend in Europe but the Pope. Grateful for the aid of their Moslem relatives in their own revolt against Austria, never forgetting the iron hand of Russia, the Magyars are ardent in their defense of Turkey, and may draw Austria reluctantly into the war. But the chief foe of Russia is the Papal Church. Not all the horrors of Bulgaria, nor any regard for the conscience of mankind, will restrain the papacy from lending all its sympathy to these worst of savages; and already, the correspondent of the London *Standard* asserts, the Roman Catholic clergy of Albania have said constantly to their people, "Join the Turks if you will, but never the Greeks." "I need hardly explain," the correspondent adds, "that the attitude assumed by the Catholic clergy is a faithful echo of the instructions given by the Vatican." And thus, far away in a miserable corner of the Old World, all the elements of a reactionary party unite to destroy knowledge and oppress a suffering people. A savage oligarchy holds by brutal force its control of the Turkish provinces. It demands the recognition, offers its compromises to modern civilization. It extends its guilty hands to grasp that of any office-seeker or politician who may accept its bribes. But the vigorous appeals of Mr. Freeman and the Liberal leaders in England seem already efficacious, and the Christians of the East will at last share in the general progress of humanity.

It seems plain that in future the influence of a public conscience—of that rare power which is the product of rising intelligence—will be more than ever felt in Europe and America. It will carry with it politicians, will rule over party; whoever offends against it will sink into contempt, and whatever it encounters in its course will be crushed into the dust. As knowledge spreads, we may hope for constant reforms; it may banish wars, extirpate pauperism, soften and refine. But the example of the Turk shows that at least no barbarous caste will in future be suffered to offend unrebuked the conscience of mankind.

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 6.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 10.—Ascension-day.
Sunday, 13.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday, 20.—Whit-Sunday.
Monday, 21.—Whitsun-Monday.
Sunday, 27.—Trinity-Sunday.

In a notice of the late Dr. Muhlenberg, furnished to the New York *Observer* by the Rev. Dr. William Adams, a very pretty incident is narrated. A little more than a year since, Dr. Adams, expecting at his house a friend nearly ninety years of age, invited a company of aged men to meet him. Among the guests were Peter Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Dr. Calhoun (the Syrian missionary), Dr. Muhlenberg, and others. Dr. Muhlenberg was asked to say grace. He complied by taking out of his pocket a slip of paper, in his own handwriting, and read these lines:

"Solemn thanks be our grace for the years that are past,
With their blessings untold; and though this be our last,
Yet joyful our trust that, through Christ, 'twill be given
All here to meet again at His table in heaven."

The London *Spectator* gives the name of Cardinal Morochini as among the candidates for the papacy "the one least certainly uncertain." It is believed generally that the successor of Pope Pius IX. will be an Italian. The preparations for the election are said to be all complete.

The trouble is not all over in the Church of St. James, Hatcham. The Easter election of church-wardens created a disturbance that reminds one of a stormy political contest. Mr. Dale, the curate appointed in the place of Mr. Tooth, presided. Upon his saying that he had received a communication from the vicar, he was greeted with cheers, hisses, and groans. Mr. Tooth had sent in a nomination for warden, and Mr. Dale nominated the same person. "Upon this declaration," says the *Guardian*, "a scene of disorder ensued surpassing all the previous demonstrations of the morning. Loud and long-continued hissing, cries of 'Jesuit!' 'You are Tooth's tool!' 'You are Tooth's mouth-piece!' groans, and exclamations were directed against the curate." Fortunately the election was completed without any other demonstrations of angry feeling.

The revival meetings heretofore noticed in this Intelligence still go on prosperously. The *Journal*, of Lewiston, Maine, says: "The crowds which flocked to hear the evangelists on Sunday [April 15] were quite as large as ever, while the indications of interest were more marked than they have hitherto been." At Toledo, Ohio, Major Whittle has the co-operation of the pastors of the city. Mr. Moody's congregations in Boston and multiplied noon meetings are still centres of interest. It was announced that John B. Gough would deliver a temperance address in the Tabernacle, on Friday evening, April 20.

Attention was called in this Intelligence to the importance of the pamphlet of Lavalaye on the contrast between Protestant and Catholic countries in material and social progress. An edition of it was published in England with a preface by Mr. Gladstone. It has also been republished in Chili by a leading statesman, who has since become president of that republic. The argument of Lavalaye is to the common mind forcible and conclusive. The circulation of his pamphlet would do good in the United States and Canada.

The proceedings of ministerial bodies in and near New York have of late been unusually interesting. The Rev. John Miller, D.D., of Princeton, a son of the late Professor Samuel Miller, well known to fame, has published a book in which some novel statements in relation to the Trinity are embodied. The Presbytery of New Brunswick, to which he belongs, have, through a committee, pronounced Dr. Miller's views erroneous, and have summoned him to answer for teaching doctrines at variance with Presbyterian standards. The investigation will begin at once. It will be remembered that Dr. Blauvelt, of Kingston, New York, has appealed from the decision which deposed him from the ministry for publishing opinions contradictory of the theology of the Reformed (Dutch) Church. The appeal will come before the General Synod in June next. At the installation of the Rev. Emory J. Haynes, lately a Methodist minister, as pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, the question was raised whether re-ordination was necessary. Some of the members of the Council were opposed to requiring re-ordination; but the Washington Avenue Church and Mr. Haynes both desiring it, ordination was administered.

The national charitable societies are likely to complete the financial year with an excellent showing of contributions. The receipts of the American Bible Society for the year ending March 31 were $543,579. The American Tract Society's receipts for the fiscal year will be about $470,000.

A recent decision of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York gives the friends of temperance a powerful support. It is declared by the court that all liquor-selling is unlawful except by tavern-keepers, and that a tavern-keeper must have four beds for guests and four stalls for horses. A meeting was held in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church (Dr. Crosby's) on April 17, to unite all classes of good citizens in enforcing the law as laid down by the court. There are in New York city 10,000 places where liquor is retailed.

Two facts are especially noticeable in the ecclesiastical life of England to-day: the increasing confidence of Dissenters that they will soon secure religious equality, and the unexpected co-operation they have received from a large section of the clergy of the state Church. Indeed, the Dissenters hardly know what to do with their new allies. And yet the dissatisfied Churchmen avow their readiness to accept disestablishment in preference to their present position. The Rev. Bryan King, one of their leaders, writes: "I avow my readiness to face any consequences or contingencies whatever rather than see the sacred deposit of the Church in her faith and worship betrayed to the Erastian control of the state." The Liberation Society (Non-conformist) holds its eleventh triennial Conference in London on the 1st of May. It will be attended by over five hundred delegates, and will be a meeting of great importance.

The English Wesleyans, whose habit is to express themselves with caution on political questions, have declared against the Duke of Richmond's Burial Bill in as strong terms as other Non-conformists. Their Committee of Exigency have adopted a series of resolutions in which they say that "no measure will satisfy the just requirements of all parties concerned which does not provide for burial in the parish church-yard of persons not in communion with the Established Church, by any duly recognized minister, and with any appropriate religious service which the friends of the deceased may prefer."

It is very truthfully observed by the author of *Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles*, recently published by Harper & Brothers, that "the dogma of the Immaculate Conception has, in effect, substituted the Mother for the Son in the Romish theological idea of the Divinity. It represents Christ as having become an altogether superfluous personage." An illustration of this substitution can be found in the offering made by French Catholics to the Pope in commemoration of the declaration of the dogma in relation to the Virgin Mary. The offering is a cabinet, over twenty feet long and eight or nine feet high, made of costly woods, and richly decorated with inlaid pictures on china of the most famous shrines of the Virgin. The interior contains, in costly volumes, translations of the bull "Ineffabilis," into nearly all the written languages of the world. "Artists," says the London *Tablet*, "are still at work on the second tier of the cabinet, on which is being painted, on a gold ground, a procession representing people of all countries coming with offerings to Mary Immaculate; the whole is surmounted by a dome on which stands a large figure of Mary Immaculate, in solid silver." It is difficult to see how the ascription of Divine honors could be carried farther.

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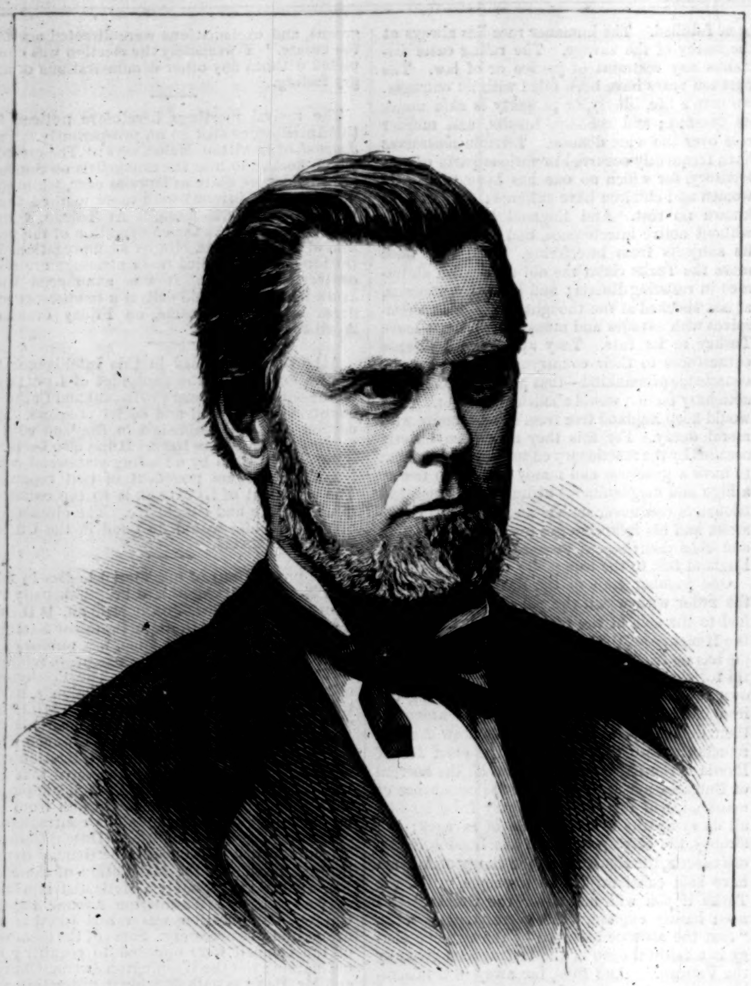
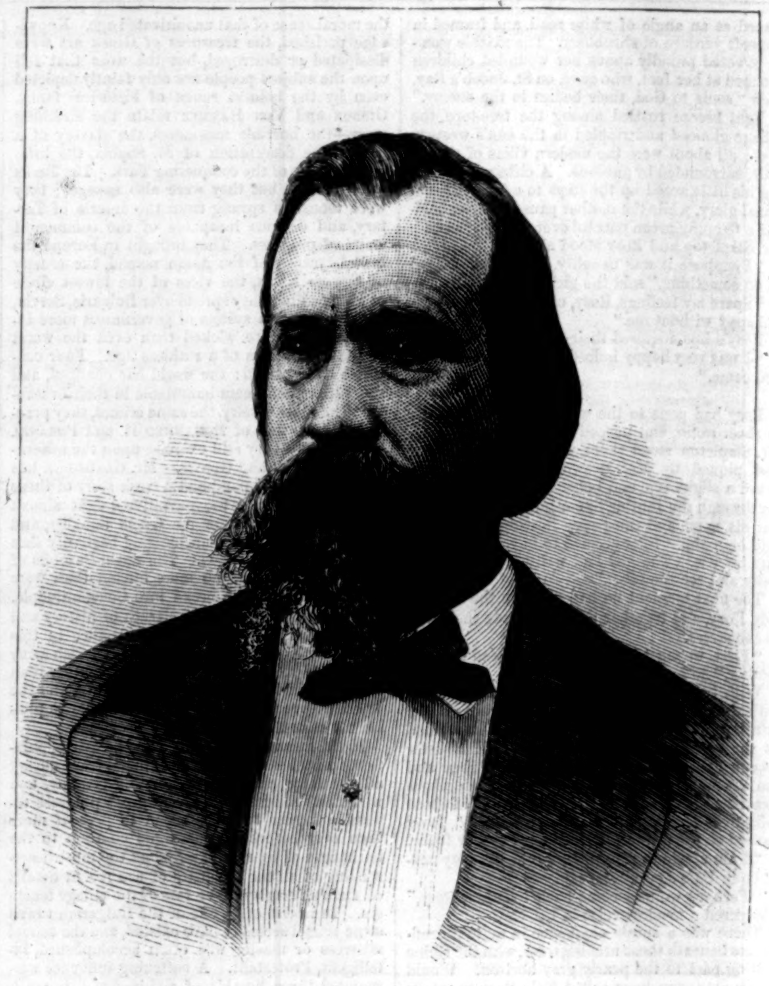
[*] *The Turks in Europe.* By Edward A. Freeman. Harper's "Half-hour Series."



THE HON. BENJAMIN H. HILL.—[Photographed by Brady.]



THE HON. LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.—[Photographed by Brady.]

FOUR SOUTHERN STATESMEN.

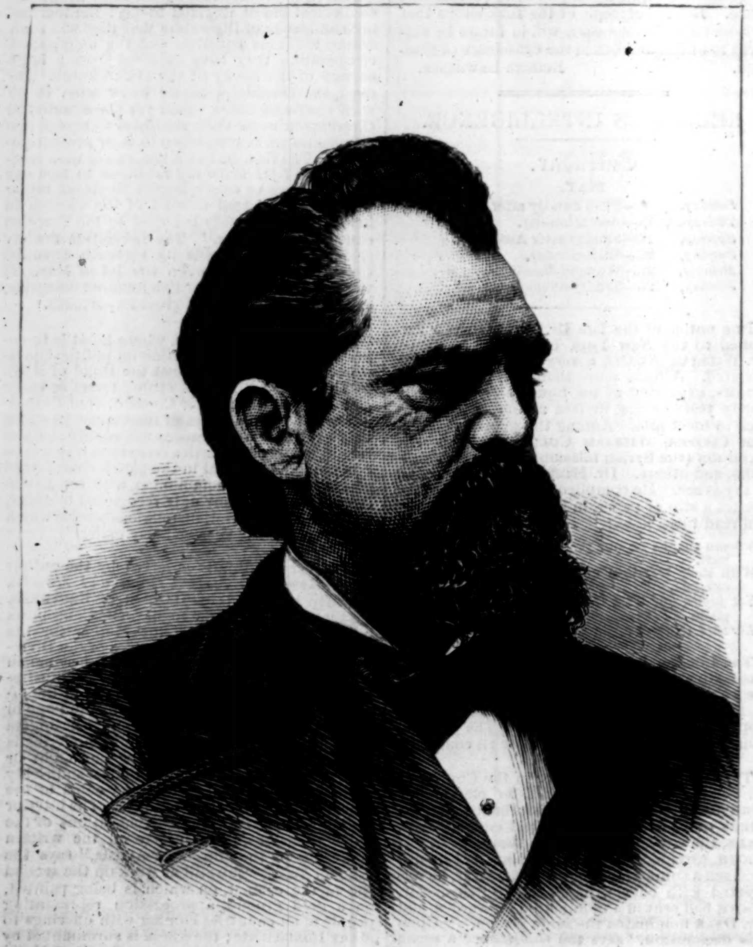
On this page we give the portraits of four Southern statesmen who, with some others, have shown the ability and the patriotism to rise above mere sectional considerations, and who contributed greatly, by wise and conciliatory counsels, to the peaceful settlement of the late crisis.

The Hon. **Benjamin H. Hill**, United States Senator from Georgia, was born in Jasper County, in that State, in 1823. He received a classical education, graduated at the Athens University in 1844, and immediately commenced the study of law. The following year he was admitted to the bar, and soon attained a lucrative practice. In 1851, and again in 1859, Mr. **Hill** was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature. He joined in the secession movement in the South, and became a member of the Confederate Senate. In 1875 he was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress. He was re-elected to the House, and was afterward chosen to represent the State in the United States Senate.

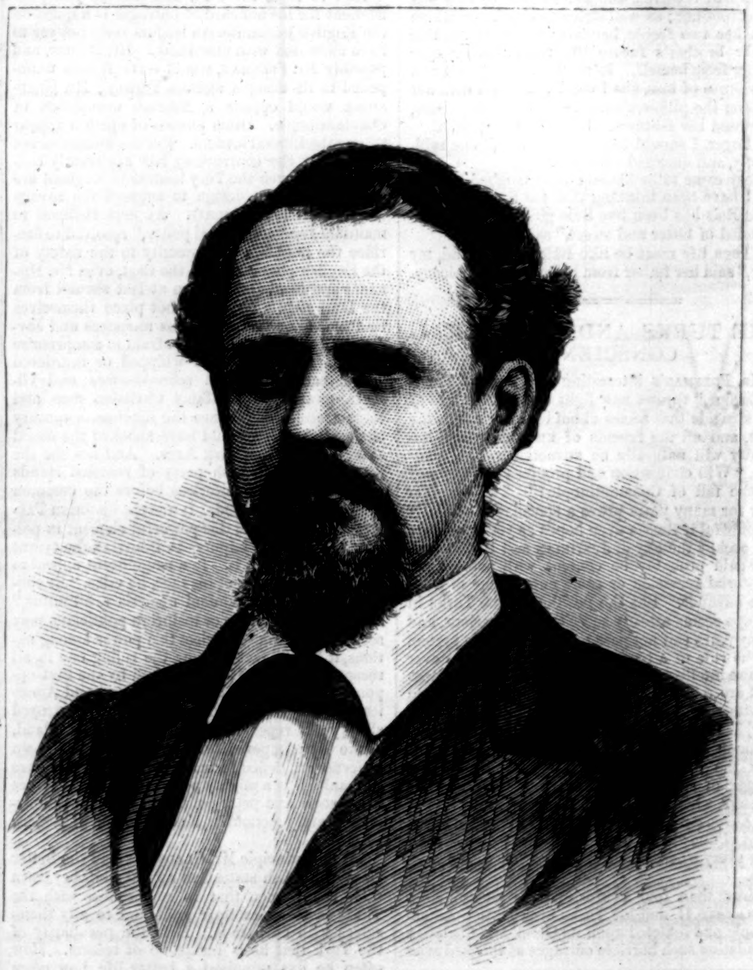
The Hon. **John B. Gordon**, of Atlanta, Georgia, was born in Upson County, in that State, February 6, 1832. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and was admitted to the bar, but practiced law only a short time. At the beginning of the war he entered the Confederate army as Captain of Infantry, and rose to the rank of Major-General. In 1868 he was the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Georgia, but was defeated by his Republican opponent. He was afterward elected to the United States Senate, and took his seat March 4, 1873.

The Hon. **Lucius Q. C. Lamar** is also a native of Georgia. He was born in Putnam County, in that State, September 17, 1825. He graduated at Emory College, Georgia, in 1845, studied law at Macon, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. Two years afterward he removed to Oxford, Mississippi, and was elected Adjunct Professor of Mathematics in the University of the State. In 1850 Mr. **Lamar** returned to Georgia. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1853. The following year he went back to Mississippi, and was elected to the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. In 1860 he resigned his seat to take part in the Mississippi Secession Convention. Mr. **Lamar** entered the Confederate army at the beginning of the war as Lieutenant-Colonel, and was soon promoted to a Colonelcy. In 1863 the Confederate President intrusted him with a diplomatic mission to Russia. At the close of the war he accepted a professorship in the University of Mississippi. He was a member of the Forty-third Congress, and also of the Forty-fourth, and was recently elected United States Senator.

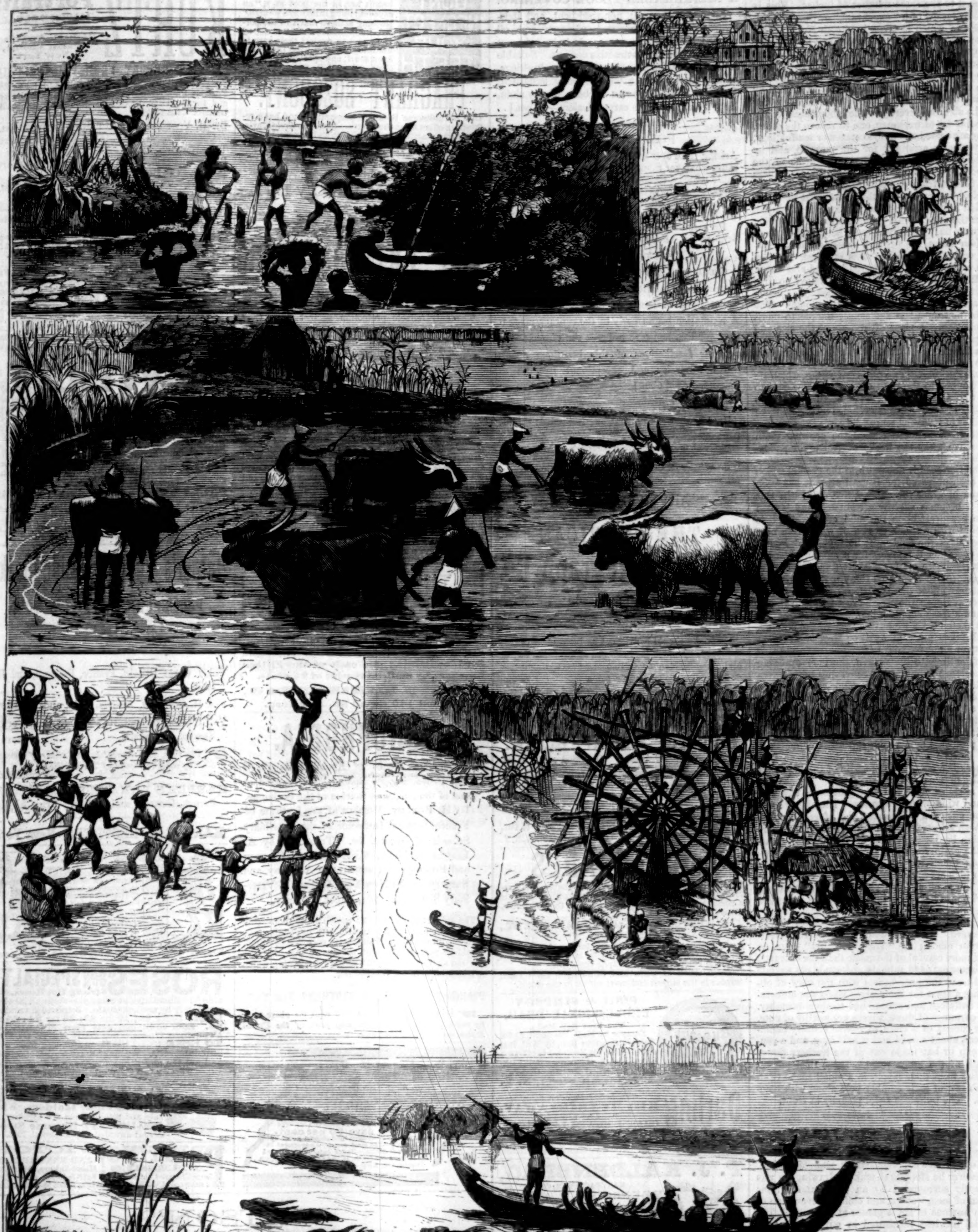
The Hon. **John Young Brown** was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, June 28, 1835. He graduated at Centre College, Danville, in that State, in 1855; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. Mr. **Brown** was elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress in 1859, but not having attained the age required by the Constitution of the United States, he did not take his seat as a member of that body until the second session. He was elected to the Fortieth Congress, but declined to take his seat, and his district remained unrepresented while that Congress was in session. He served in the Forty-third and the Forty-fourth Congresses, but declined a re-election.



THE HON. JOHN B. GORDON.—[Photographed by Brady.]



THE HON. JOHN YOUNG BROWN.—[Photographed by Brady.]



"PADDY" OR RICE CULTIVATION IN TRAVANCORE, INDIA.

"PADDY" CULTURE IN INDIA.

ON this page we offer our readers a series of sketches illustrating the cultivation of rice as it is carried on in Travancore, a state in the extreme south of India. To those who are accustomed to the dainty varieties of food supplied by our overflowing markets, it will seem strange to reflect that this tasteless grain forms the principal sustenance of nearly one-third of the human race. Rice is extensively cultivated in all quarters of the globe; but in China and India it is the very staff of life. At the present moment, when rumors of a threatened famine are reaching us from the latter country, the method employed by the natives in producing rice becomes of interest; and it is discouraging to find that the danger might be averted by a little more intelligence on the part of the Indian farmer. Travancore itself, a state including an area of less than 5000 square miles, might easily grow all the rice that is required for home consumption, were it not for the primitive condition of agriculture in that district, and the want of energy and capital among the natives.

Rice can only be grown upon a moist soil, and thus it is the custom to flood the land upon which the grain is to be planted. In Travancore the soil is allowed to remain fallow every third year, and during this time it is covered with water, which is confined by embankments, and thus the unused fields serve as a sort of reservoir for moistening the adjoining crops. In August, as soon as the southwest monsoon is over, which fact is duly announced by the festival of "Cocoa-nut Day," when rice and cocoa-nuts are thrown into the sea as thank-offerings, the cultivation of lowland rice, or "paddy," commences.

The "Palayens," or outcasts, the ancient inhabitants of the country, and until within modern times the slaves of the land-owners, are then set to work mending the embankments that have been broken or carried away by the floods. An insight into this operation may be had in the first sketch. Double rows of strong stakes, measuring about twenty feet in length, are firmly placed in the breaches at distances of about three feet. Scrubs and boughs are cut in the jungle on the adjacent hills and brought to the fields on a curious craft called a "jungdar," which is formed by two dug-outs fastened together. Between the rows of poles alternate layers of mud and branches are firmly stamped in. The only implement used is a bar of cocoa-nut wood shod with iron, resembling an oar. The mud has to be procured from the canals, along the whole course of which the rice fields are laid out. In order to get a sufficient supply, the Palayen is frequently obliged to dive under water to a considerable depth, when, having procured as much stiff clay and mud as can be deposited on his head, and held there with both hands, he rises to the surface half suffocated with his miry load. The master who directs the business lounges in safety meanwhile in his canoe. When the embankment is complete, the water, which has stood about three feet in the field, is reduced to the same number of inches. This is done by means of a "chuchram," or Dutch wheel, a view of which is given in sketch No. 5. This wheel varies from four to sixteen feet in diameter, with spokes ranging from nine to eighteen inches in breadth. It is set in a frame, which is fixed into the embankment of the field to be drained. The cumbrous machine is then set in motion by a gang of from four to thirty-two men, according to the size, the severity of the labor necessitating a double set of workmen, one to relieve the other. They are seated on bamboo stages or scaffoldings, conveniently arranged for the purpose, and by pressing the feet upon the upper arms of the wheel the revolutions are accomplished. Where the field is from eight to fifteen feet below the level of the canals, and the water must be raised to that height, a succession of wheels is employed.

In the third sketch the operation of ploughing is going on. Each field must be ploughed three or four times, the furrows crossing and recrossing each other. While thus engaged, the men and cattle are half immersed in mud and water. Buffaloes are the animals best suited to this swampy land, their feet doing nearly as much toward overturning the soil as the plough. The latter instrument is sufficiently unique to merit description. A piece of iron about the size and shape of a garden trowel is fixed upon the end of a bent bough, to which is attached a slanting pole; this rests on a piece of bamboo, which forms the yoke. Two pieces of string, which tie the bamboo to the neck of the buffalo, complete the whole arrangement. The small hut seen to the left of the picture is occupied by one or more families of Palayens, whose duty it is to keep stray cattle from wandering amid the growing grain and drive away the flocks of teal and "paddy-birds."

The rice seed is not put into the ground which has been prepared for it until after it has been soaked in water for at least five days. In this way it becomes slightly germinated, and is then sown broadcast upon the mud, after which it is covered with an inch or two of water. In nine or ten days the field must be inundated, and in this condition it remains for a month, when the water is drawn off for a short time, but only to be restored to such an extent that the growing plants are about three-quarters covered. Before the crop ripens the water must be again drawn off and a fresh supply let on.

In sketch No. 2 we have a view of the reaping, which takes place in April or May, or in about ninety or a hundred days after the sowing. This is left entirely to the women, the men confining themselves to the duty of conveying the sheaves to the boat when reaped. The women of the very lowest orders reap the more inundated fields. These poor creatures, who are obliged to work constantly half submerged in water, with the sun beating down upon their heads, which are only half protected by a rough cap made of matting, soon become old and haggard-looking, so that ugliness is a chief characteristic of the low-caste females of Travancore.

In sketch No. 4 we see the process of treading out and winnowing the paddy. The sheaves are spread out on a well-beaten plot of ground that has been selected for the purpose upon the nearest high land. A portion of the laborers tread out the grain from the ear with their feet, supporting themselves meanwhile against bamboo rods which are arranged on poles a short distance from the ground. The rest are busy collecting the rice into baskets, while the wind is depended upon to blow away the chaff.

In sketch No. 6 we see the buffalo driven homeward. The ploughmen are generally selected from among the "Toddy-Clumber" caste, as being more careful of the cattle than the outcasts. The latter eat dead animals, and would not scruple to ill-treat the poor beasts with the view of obtaining a feast for themselves when the unfortunate buffaloes had succumbed to their brutality. The costumes of these drivers are worthy of note. They consist of a cloth, of coarse country manufacture, about a yard and a half long, and a conical cap or hat made out of the leathery flower sheath of the areca palm. These men are returning from their labors in a small snake boat, which two of their number pole along with bamboos. The buffaloes swim placidly in front.

OUR ARTIST IN JAPAN.

On page 349 will be found a picture illustrating our artist's experience in sketching in Japan. Whenever he stopped to make a drawing, he was instantly surrounded by an eager and curious crowd of men, women, and children, every one of them anxious to get a glance at his work. The special incident illustrated in our picture took place at Kioto, on the Kanagawa River, island of Niphon. This city stands in an extensive plain covered with gardens, interspersed with temples and monasteries, and inclosed by mountains. It is well laid out, has broad, clean streets, which cross each other at right angles, and the houses are mostly of the better class. In 1863, nearly half the city was reduced to ashes from a fire which broke out during a rebellion. Kioto is the literary and manufacturing centre of the Japanese Empire. It has a population of nearly 400,000.

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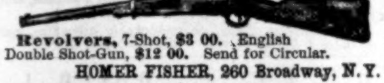

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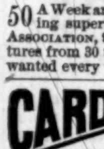

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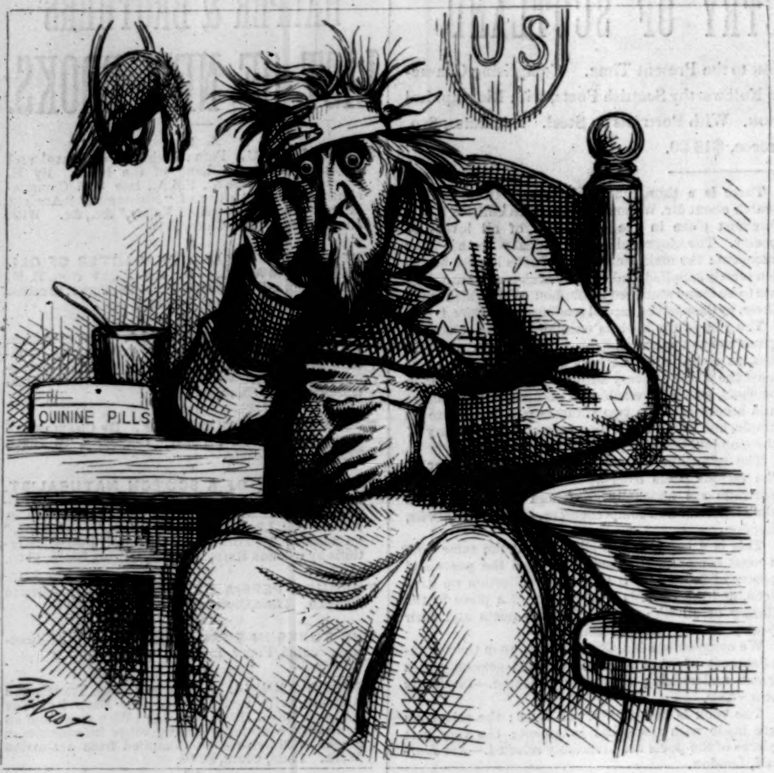

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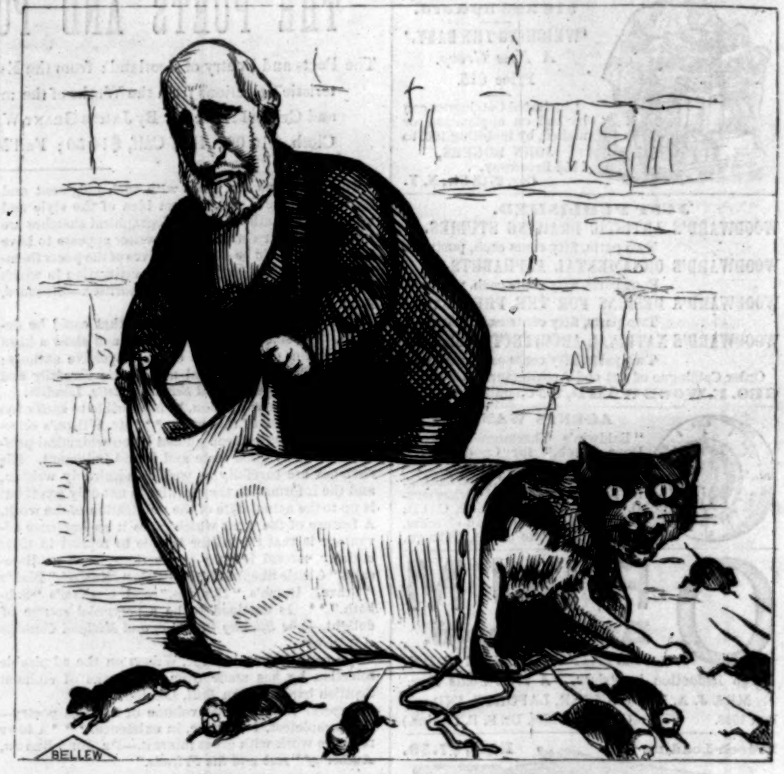

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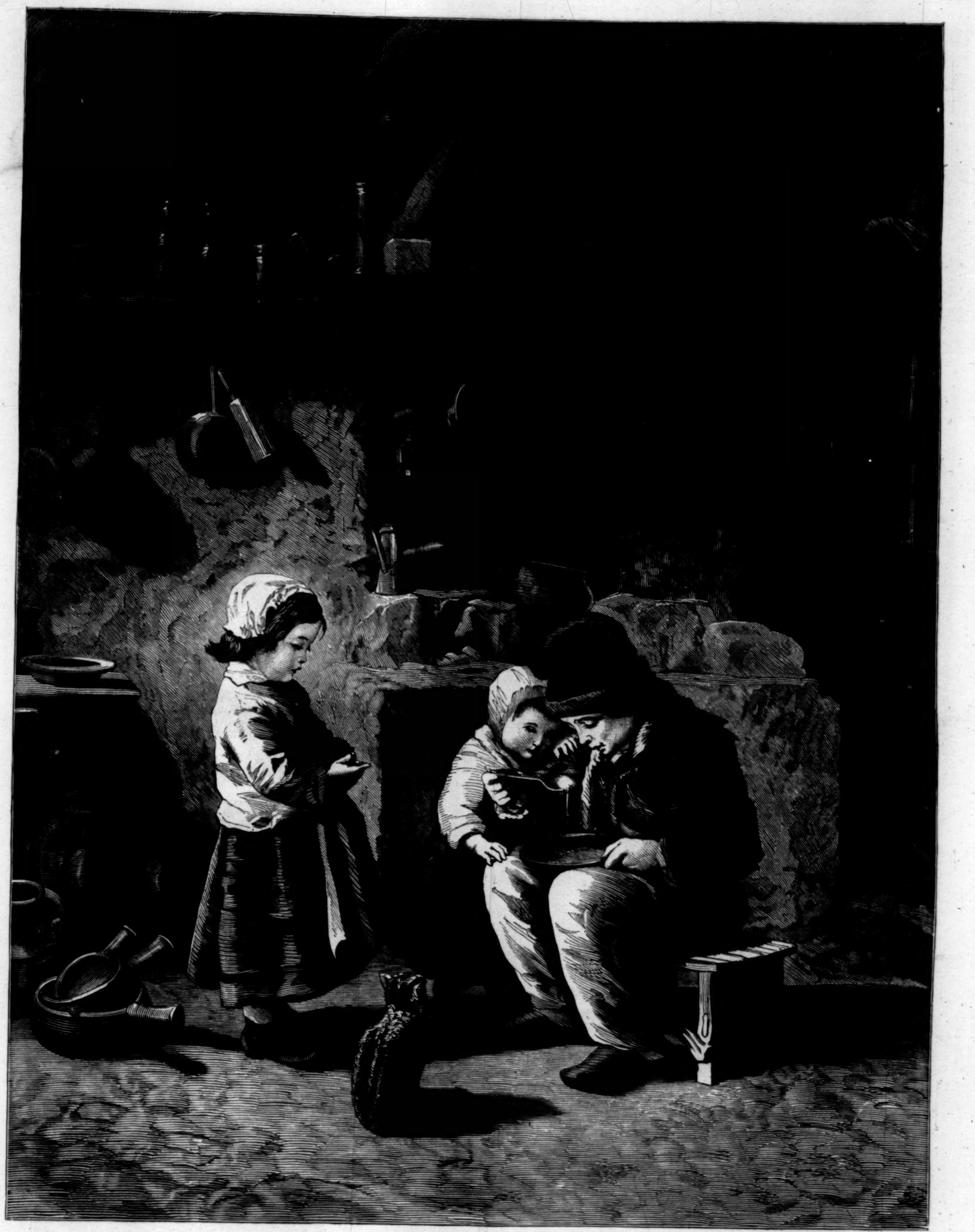


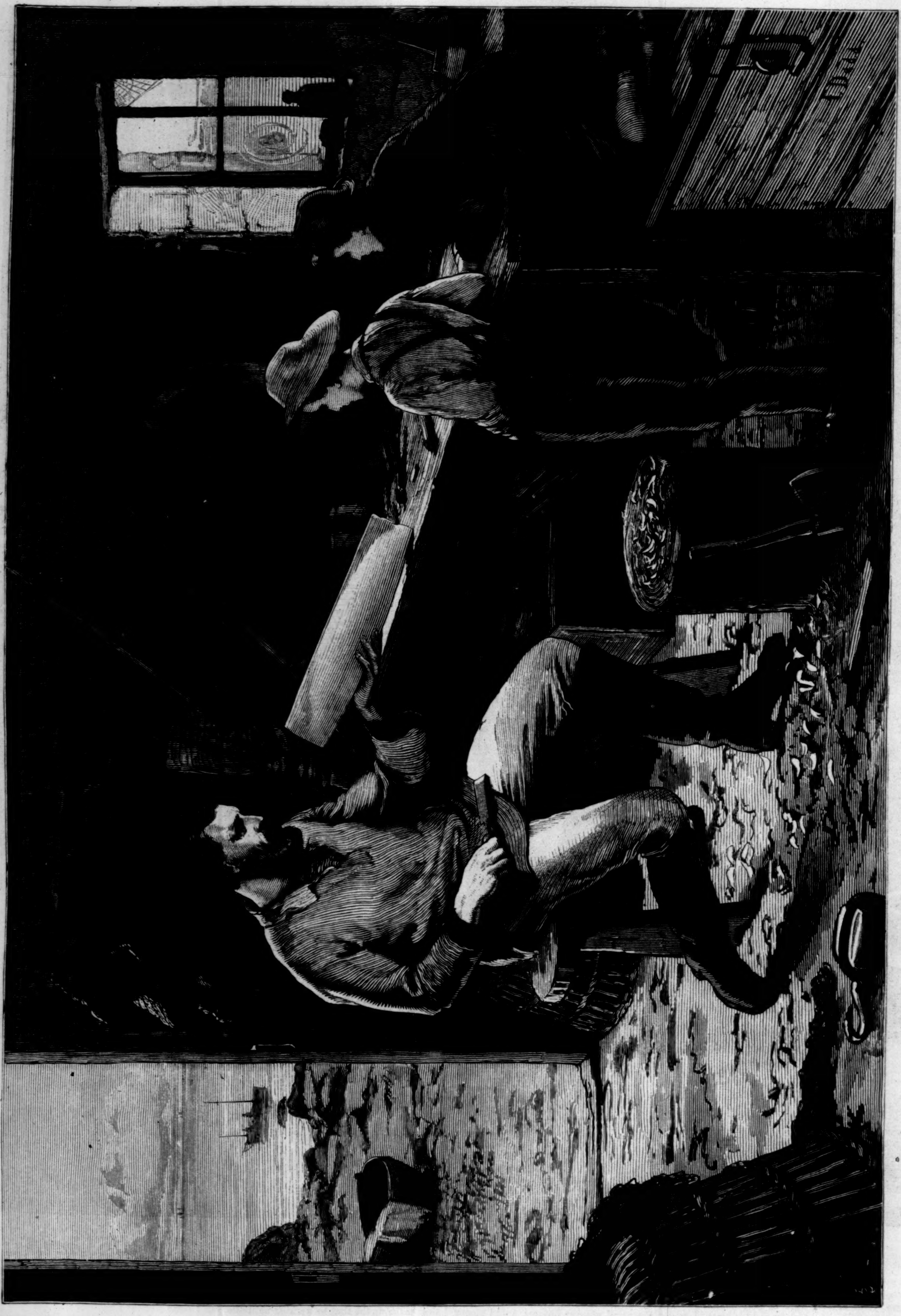
"BREAKFAST."—[From the Painting by Édouard Frère.]

"BREAKFAST."

The above engraving, from a picture by Édouard Frère, gives another view of that humble French peasant life with which he and his brotherhood of the same school have already made us so familiar. If the mission of art be to awaken sympathy as well as to elevate the imagination, nowhere is it more truly and effectually done than in these rustic scenes gathered amid the hills and valleys of France, where a simple population work out in their own quiet and industrious way the difficult problem of subsistence for themselves and their numerous families. The life of a French peasant is essentially a hard one. The labor which he performs in a single day would be regarded as an impossibility by an American; while, added to excessive work, is a rigid economy never dreamed of among the poor of our own country.

The working classes of France, including of course the small peasant farmers, spend money neither on eating, drinking, nor on clothes. They apparently buy nothing except a little coffee, a coat when the last one is completely past mending, and sabots. These last are also economized as much as possible by the habit of going barefooted. The farm steward, his wife and children, the day-laborers, men and women, also the house servants, do their work on hot days without either shoes or stockings. The hours for rising are usually five or half past five in the morning in summer, and not much later in winter, while during the busy season it is not unusual to find a whole village astir long before daylight. In very hot weather they also prefer to work late at night rather than during the heat of noon, thus they rest between twelve and two, while they more than make up the time by working until after ten at night. Wages are, of course, low in a country where so little money circulates. Two francs a day without food, or one franc with food, are the average wages of farm laborers. Washer-women get a single franc, and needle-women are as poorly paid here as elsewhere. Work paid for by the piece, however, is more lucrative. Thus, during the wheat-cutting and the vintage, an able man or woman laborer can earn as much as four or five francs a day.

The food of the French peasantry is exceedingly simple. Too frequently the meal consists of hard, sour bread, made in large fish-shaped loaves, which is first cut into hunks, then broken up and soaked in a thin cabbage soup. When employed in gathering the harvest for some wealthy proprietor who provides the mid-day meal for his laborers, they fare somewhat better. To the inevitable *soup maigre* is added salad and cooked vegetables, with an abundance of bread, while sometimes the board is graced with a supply of bacon, but never beef or mutton. On this homely fare French peasants thrive amazingly, and perform a day's work that would make the amount achieved in an American harvest field by the same number of hands appear insignificant. Without being a hardy race, they are wiry and healthy-looking, and capable of resisting fatigue to a degree quite unusual among

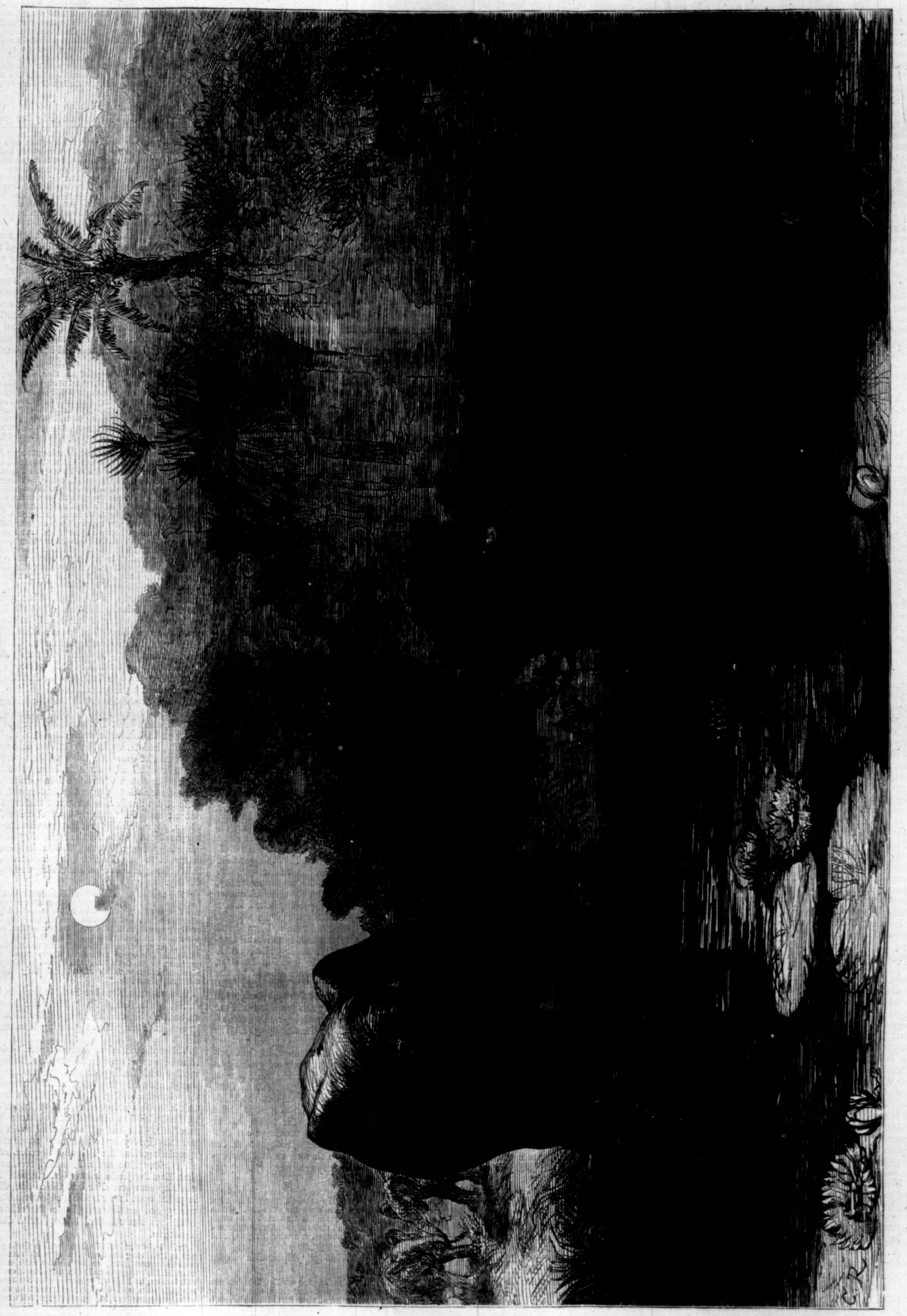


A LESSON IN BOAT-BUILDING.

their brethren in large towns. Their physiques have not been enervated by stimulants or bad habits generally, and, as a rule, the worst fault that can be imputed to them is avarice. They are strictly honest. No bars or bolts are needed at night, no gates or walls round gardens or vineyards. Pilfering, much less stealing from one another, is unknown. Fruits, vegetables, and produce generally are gathered in unmolested by juvenile marauders.

France is the land of *petite culture*, that is to say, of small holdings. They vary from two to fifty acres, the great majority consisting of four or five. Naturally, such small farms can not support a horse, so one is kept by two or three owners on co-operative principles. The smallest farm is portioned out on the same plan as a large one; and on a piece of land that an American farmer would consider scarcely large enough for one field, are seen patches of wheat, barley, oats, and rye, a vineyard, a potato field, a bit of clover, also turnips, lucern, and hemp, besides a garden filled with fruit and small vegetables. Orchards there are none, the farm being, so to say, an orchard of itself—walnut, apple, pear, plum, and service-berry trees growing amid the crops or by the way-side. A good fruit crop will make up for a bad harvest, a good vintage for a bad cider year, and so on, the peasant farmers having always something to fall back upon. A cow or two, a dozen pigs, poultry, and geese are always kept, the geese alone realizing a good deal by the end of the year. While the women and girls watch the geese they are not idle, but employ the time knitting, spinning, and mending. In the evening, wild little maidens like George Sand's Petite Fadette may be seen coming along the highways driving home their flocks. The geese sell for about ten shillings apiece; but, unhappily for themselves, they are made to realize about twenty times this sum before selling by the cruel habit of stripping them of their feathers for eider-down.

This propertied condition—if such a word may be coined, expressing so accurately as it does the idea—tells upon the moral character in many ways. Among these people there is no sense of rank or inequality. A stranger, of whatever appearance, on coming among them is invited to "sit down and refresh himself" with the best that the house affords, and the family will enter into conversation with him in a manner that shows perfect unconsciousness of any possi-



ELEPHANT-SHOOTING BY MOONLIGHT—THE RIVER AMBUSCADE.

bility of the presence of a superior. The sense of independence, resulting from the possession of property, gives the French peasants, however poor and hard-working they may be, an air of frank and self-respecting manliness. They are satisfied with their position; they do not behold a carriage or fine clothing enviously, neither in avoiding subservience do they err on the side of familiarity. That the French peasants do possess good manners no one who knows them will attempt to deny—good manners, not learned from travel, education, or mixing with the world, but merely the result of an honest, manly, straightforward existence. A man toils for his children and for his children's children, and thus is enlarged and uplifted by honest ambition and exemplary self-sacrifice. The French peasant may safely be said to form the backbone of the state. It is his industry, his sobriety, his incalculable economy, that have helped more than any thing else to raise her from the abject position into which she had fallen after the late war. The peasant now possesses the soil, which he tills; he keeps it, and it keeps him, and his tenacious clinging to it is the best safeguard of which France can boast against her enemies.

ELEPHANT-SHOOTING.

ACCORDING to naturalists, there are but two existing species of elephants, the Indian and African, although on the island of Sumatra certain varieties have been found which make it an open question whether there should not be a third division of the family. Elephants are found in all parts of Africa, from the Sahara southward, where wood and water are sufficiently abundant; also throughout India and the southeastern parts of Asia, and in some parts of the tropical Asiatic islands. They extend northward to the Himalayas; and Chittagong and Tiperah vie with Ceylon in the superior breed of elephants which they produce. The Indian elephant is distinguished by a comparatively high oblong head, with a high forehead, while the African has a round head and convex forehead. The ears of the latter are much larger than those of the former; they cover the whole shoulder, and descend upon the legs. A marked distinction of the two species is also found in the molar teeth, those of the Indian elephant exhibiting parallel transverse ridges, while those of the African species have the divisions of the crown of the tooth fewer, broader, and lozenge-